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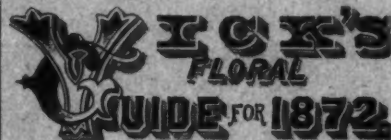
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# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

No. 1434.—December 2, 1871.

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From the Transcript.

## A PETITION.

TAKE not, O Winter, cold and gray,  
Each charm that Summer gave, away!  
Leave us some flower, some nodding spray.

Hush not each song that bailed the morn,  
Each lay of softening twilight born,  
Flooding fair fields of waving corn.

Lay not thy stern and icy spell  
On sparkling founts that rose and fell  
In meadow green or slumberous dell.

Breathe still some gentleness along  
The breeze's flight, now chill and strong,  
Burdened so late with sweets and song.

Be merciful, O crownéd king!  
The violet-wreathed and odorous spring,  
Summer, whose hours such richness fling

On land and sea and ambient air,  
Have passed and left thee reigning where  
Nor flower nor bird makes sunlight fair.

A few fleet hours and thou wilt go  
To the far realms of ice and snow,  
Where the pale northern lightnings glow.

Till then we dream of summer hours,  
Of murmuring streams and smiling flowers,  
Of moonbeams dropped in silvery showers —

On tranquil lake, on rippling seas,  
On hillsides dark with clustering trees,  
And broad fields swept by song and breeze.

## WISHES.

A ROSE would be a Star.  
"I am so lost and lonely here," she said,  
"Leaf-buried, with thick branches overhead;  
I would be seen from far,  
And on unnumbered eyes my glories shed,"

A Star would be a Rose.  
"I keep a lonely vigil in the sky,"  
He said, "unmarked by any loving eye;  
Vainly my radiance glows.  
I would be known and loved, though I must  
die."}

An angel passed, and bade  
Each prayer be granted. Then, "Alas!" said  
one,  
"I shine from far, but am yet more alone."  
His plaint the other made —  
"Can earthly love for my lost light atone?"

## TRUST.

BY DEAN ALFORD.

I KNOW not if or dark or bright  
Shall be my lot;  
If that wherein my hopes delight  
Be best or not.

It may be mine to drag for years  
Toil's heavy chain;  
Or, day and night, my meat be tears  
On bed of pain.

Dear faces may surround my hearth  
With smiles and glee;  
Or I may dwell alone, and mirth  
Be strange to me.

My bark is wafted from the strand  
By breath divine,  
And on the helm there rests a hand  
Other than mine.

One who has known in storms to sail,  
I have on board;  
Above the raging of the gale  
I have my Lord.

He holds me when the billows smite;  
I shall not fall.  
If sharp, 'tis short; if long, 'tis light:  
He tempers all.

Safe to the land! — safe to the land!  
The end is this,  
And then with Him go hand in hand  
Far into bliss.

## PATIENTIA.

BY TOM HOOD.

TOIL on, O troubled brain,  
With anxious thoughts and busy scenes oppress;  
Erelong release shall reach thee. A brief pain!  
Then — Rest!

Watch still, O heavy eyes,  
A little longer must ye vigil keep;  
And lo! your lids shall close at morning's rise  
In sleep.

Throb yet, O aching heart,  
Still pulse the flagging current without cease; —  
When you a few hours more have played your  
part,  
Comes Peace!

Bear up then, weary soul!  
Short is the path remaining to be trod —  
Lay down the fleshy shroud, and touch the  
goal —  
Then — God!

Saint Pauls.

From The Edinburgh Review.  
EUROPEAN ADVENTURERS IN INDIA \*

THE object of Colonel Malleson in his highly interesting and instructive "History of the French in India," was to describe the fierce struggle for mastery in which the two great nations of Western Europe were engaged on the coast of Coromandel about the middle of the last century. He therefore closed his narrative with the capture of Pondicherry by the British forces under Coote in January 1761. The task which he had set himself was then finished, and it did not fall within the scope of his work to notice the soldiers of fortune (not all, indeed, French), who some twenty or thirty years afterwards entered into the service of the native princes in the north-west and centre of India, and taught them, for the first time, the value of disciplined infantry, supported by well-served artillery. For up to that period the Mahrattas, as well as the Rajpoots, placed their reliance almost solely upon the large bodies of cavalry which their system of government enabled them to bring into the field. It is our object to tell the tale how these men, or those among them who were masters of their craft, and who have been wittily called "the small change of Clive," taught the art of war to those whom they found trusting in numbers alone, and with no other requisite for conquest than a certain amount of personal valour.

Benoit de Boigne, a native of Savoy, was the first who possessed at once the discernment to see the advantages of this important change in the military system of the Mahrattas, and the influence necessary to bring it into practical operation. He had commenced his career as an officer in the Irish brigade in the service of France, from which he passed, after some

years, into that of Russia, and was taken prisoner by the Turks at the siege of Tenedos. Hearing after his release from some Englishmen whom he met at Smyrna that there was a great opening for military adventure in India, he proceeded thither, arriving at Madras early in 1778; where he became an officer in a regiment of the East India Company's native infantry. But conceiving himself to have been ill-used by Lord Macartney, then the Governor, in the matter of promotion, he threw up his commission and proceeded to Calcutta, being furnished with letters of introduction from the Governor (who would seem to have condoned his conduct in retiring from the service), to Warren Hastings, then the Governor-General of India.

After some vicissitudes of fortune, not very serious, in the north-western provinces, De Boigne determined upon entering the service of one of the native Powers in that quarter, then, as always, engaged in hostilities, and finally attached himself to Madhajeo Sindhia, for whom he undertook to raise and discipline two battalions of infantry, numbering 850 men in each. This object he accomplished within five months, and for three years after he joined the Mahratta army he did excellent service, and satisfied himself by experience of the soundness of his views in organizing regiments of infantry upon the model of the Sepoys whom he had seen at Madras and Calcutta. But he shortly perceived that the body under his immediate command, although it seems to have always borne the brunt of the affairs in which it was engaged, was too small to prove of essential service in deciding the issue of pitched battles, where many thousands were arrayed on either side; and he consequently urged Sindhia to allow him to organize a much larger force on the same system. But that prince, though highly intelligent, was naturally strongly prejudiced in favour of the national arm, and declined at the time De Boigne's offer. He therefore retired to Lucknow, and entered into business as a merchant, in some sort of connection with a man afterwards known as General Martine, in the service of the Newab Vizier,

\* *Military Memoirs of Mr. George Thomas, who, by extraordinary talents and enterprise, rose from an obscure situation to the rank of a general in the service of the native Powers in the north-west of India.* By WILLIAM FRANKLIN, Captain of Infantry, &c. &c. Calcutta: 1803.

2. *Military Memoir of Lieut.-Col. James Skinner, C.B., for many years distinguished officer commanding a Corps of Irregular Cavalry in the service of the H. E. I. C.* By J. BAILLIE FRASER, Esq., Author of "Travels in Chorassan, Mecopotamia, and Kourdistan," &c. &c. London: 1851.

who built at Lucknow the palace of Constantia and founded by his will a noble charitable establishment for purposes of education in Calcutta, called the Martinieri. But Sindhia shortly thought better of his objections to De Boigne's project, recalled him to his service, and gave him authority, and for the first time ample pecuniary means, to raise a corps of 10,000 men, including his two original battalions, which important measure was promptly carried into execution.

From this time forth, till the day when he unwisely provoked the hostility of the British Government, the triumphs of Sindhia and his successor in the field, and the consequent acquisitions of dominion and power, were rapid and uninterrupted. De Boigne won for his master the bloody battles of Patun and Mairtha; after the former of which, fought on the 20th of June 1790, against the army of the Emperor, supported by the Rajpoot princes of Jypore and Joudpore, one hundred guns, fifty elephants, two hundred standards, and all the baggage of the defeated army, fell into the hands of the conquerors. These great victories, which were the unquestionable results of the steady valour and discipline of De Boigne's regiments, so thoroughly satisfied Sindhia of the immeasurable superiority of regular troops, that he directed De Boigne to raise two more brigades upon the same model as the first, assigning for their maintenance territory yielding 220,000*l.* per annum. He also appointed De Boigne commander-in-chief in Hindostan. Subsequently, that general led his army against Holkar, who had taken advantage of Sindhia's absence at Poona to invade and ravage his territory. Holkar had on this occasion "four regular battalions of foot, under the command of the Chevalier Duder-naig, a gallant French officer, and having succeeded in exploding thirteen of De Boigne's tumbrils at the commencement of the action, he was able to offer the most obstinate resistance that De. Boigne ever experienced. Eventually, however, Duder-naig's four battalions were all but annihilated; their guns, thirty-eight in number, all taken, and almost all their European officers were killed." This battle, which

was fought near the village of Lukhairee in September 1792, appears to have been the last serious affair in which De Boigne was engaged.

In 1794 Madhajee Sindhia died, and was succeeded by his grand nephew, Dowlut Rao, greatly to whose dissatisfaction De Boigne, finding his health beginning to fail him, in consequence of his unceasing labours and anxieties, determined to retire in 1796. He was, beyond all comparison, the best soldier and the best man who rose to supreme command in the service of any of the Mahratta princes. His character was unstained by any act of treachery or cruelty. He appears to have been a man of undaunted resolution, and of that prompt decision in circumstances of imminent danger which is more rare and more valuable than merely animal courage. And he served the masters, who appear to have implicitly trusted him, zealously and loyally. But his character has been well and fully delineated by an officer who served under him for a long period.

"De Boigne is formed by nature to guide and to command. His school acquirements are not much above mediocrity; but he is a tolerable Latin scholar, and reads and writes and speaks French, Italian, Persian, Hindostanee, and English fluently. He is an attentive observer of the manners and dispositions of men, affable and good-humoured, but resolute and firm; he has entire command over his passions. . . . On the grand stage where he has acted a brilliant and important part for these ten years, he is at once dreaded and idolized. Latterly, the very name of De Boigne conveyed more terror than the thunder of his cannon, a singular instance of which I will relate. Nujut Koolee Khan, in his last moments, advised his Begum to resist, in the fortress of Canound, the efforts of his enemies. 'Resist *them*,' he said; 'but, if De Boigne appears, yield.' That this renown was not unfounded, may be gathered from the list of his victories at Agra, at Patun, at Mairtha, at Lukhairee, and many other fields of lesser importance: he never lost a battle. He will be long regretted in India. His justice was uncommon, and singularly well proportioned between severity and mildness; he possessed the art of gaining the confidence of both princes and subjects; active and persevering to a degree only to be conceived or believed by those

who were spectators of his indefatigable labours, he continued at business of the most varied and important character from sunrise to midnight, and this without an European assistant—for he is diffident in placing his trust—and all this not for one day, but unremittingly for ten years. To this unceasing toil he sacrificed one of the most robust constitutions which ever nature formed. In person he is above six feet high, large-limbed, giant-boned, strong-featured, and with piercing eyes.

"He raised the power of Madhjee Sindhia to a pitch that chief could never have expected or seriously hoped for; and fixed it on the basis of a powerful, well-disciplined, and well-paid army. . . . Dowlut Rao Sindhia now possesses the largest and best-disciplined troops that ever were under a native prince, in the European form; and he may defy, and has defied, the whole Mahratta empire. He has six regular brigades, besides detached battalions; they consist of thirty battalions of Sepoys, and ten of Nujeebs, of 700 men each; 2,000 regular cavalry, and 200 pieces of cannon; besides this, he has 100,000 Mahratta cavalry, and 2,000 irregular infantry. All other Europeans have failed in such attempts from want of funds for regular pay. De Boigne saw this error from the first, and prevailed on Sindhia to give over in *Jaidad*, Purgunnahs producing twenty lakhs, and these were increased to thirty lakhs, a year; and all these Purgunnahs were in the most thriving state from good management.

"One trait of De Boigne should not be passed over in silence. It was his earnest aim to soften, in all ways, the horrors of war. Every officer and soldier, when wounded, received a present of a certain number of days' pay in proportion to the severity of his hurt, without any stoppage during the time of cure; and all disabled received a pension for life, besides an assignment in land, to which the relations of the killed succeed. No other native Power has ever done this."

De Boigne's uniform success—for if once or twice repulsed, he never lost a battle—proves to demonstration the superiority of disciplined infantry, supported by guns, and well handled, even when armed with the very imperfect muskets of that period, over the largest bodies of the most gallant cavalry. In every one of De Boigne's encounters with the Rajpoots, they did all that the most determined horsemen could do to ride down his battalions, charging up to the muzzles

of his cannon, and cutting down his gunners. But he defeated them on every occasion with terrible slaughter, though they once succeeded in almost exterminating one of his brigades, not being stopped by the showers of grape-shot which were poured upon them, but spurring their horses on and over the bayonets of the infantry. One of these scenes is well described in Fraser's "Military Memoir of Colonel Skinner."

"On the other side, 10,000 Rhatores (Jond-pore Rajpoots) came thundering furiously upon De Boigne, charging up to the very guns, and cutting down the artillerists, in spite of immense carnage made in their own ranks. But the steadiness of the regular troops prevailed; the Rhatores, broken and greatly thinned, gave way, and the battalions advanced in their turn."

Of the battle of Mairtha Colonel Tod says in his "Annals of Rajpootana"—

"Had there been a reserve at this moment, the day of Mairtha would have surpassed that of Tonga. But here the skill of De Boigne, and the discipline of his troops, were an overmatch for valour, unsustained by discipline and discretion. The Rhatores had no infantry to secure their victory; the guns were wheeled round, the line was re-formed, and ready to receive them on their return. Fresh showers of shot and grape met their thinned ranks, and scarcely one of the four thousand left the field."

De Boigne lived many years after his return to his native land in prosperity and honour. He had brought home a splendid fortune, and he spent it splendidly. The château which he built at Chamberri, and the gardens and plantations with which he adorned it, were equally magnificent. And "honours," says our authority, "were not wanting. He received from his own sovereign, Victor Emanuel, the title and dignity of count, the rank of lieutenant-general, and the Grand Cross of the order of St. Maurice and St. Lazarus, besides the distinction of having his bust in marble, sculptured by the king's order, placed in the public library of Chamberri. Louis XVIII. of France emulated the example of the Count's sovereign; he created him *Maréchal de Camp*, and gave him the cross of St. Louis, and that of the Legion of

Honour." He married a French lady of rank, who has left a name in Parisian society, for M. Guizot has written a memoir of her; but this alliance was not a happy one, and they seldom lived together. De Boigne was to the full as munificent in his benevolence and endowments—to which, and the embellishment of his native city, he devoted more than 150,000*l.*—as he was splendid in his own establishment. He employed well the wealth which he had honourably acquired, not only from the surplus revenues of the districts assigned to him for the maintenance of his troops, but also from the commercial transactions at Lucknow, for which he supplied the capital. He reached the good old age of eighty, dying on June 21, 1830.

His successor in India, M. Perron, was a man of a very different order. De Boigne was eminently simple and straightforward; Perron was addicted to intrigue. De Boigne was fair and even-handed in his dealings with all who served under him, whatever their nationality. Colonel Skinner gives a very different account of Perron's conduct. He says, "It became his policy or his pleasure to give the preference in his choice of officers to his own countrymen over all others, and this to such an extent as not only to disgust the Mahrattas, but to excite the jealousy of the English and country-borns against them." De Boigne was so well disposed towards the English that he made it an express stipulation, and that in writing, when he engaged with Sindhia, that he should not be required to serve against them. Perron was uniformly and bitterly hostile against our Government, being stimulated by his enmity and his pride to send an ambassador to Napoleon I. But it was natural perhaps that the Savoyard and the Frenchman should have differed in this respect, and De Boigne had moreover received personal kindness at the hands of our Governor-General.

The Rajah of Jypore, refusing to pay his stipulated tribute to the Mahrattas, a force was despatched to punish and coerce him. Perron did not command the army on this occasion, being absent in Hindostan, where his head-quarters were fixed, but Skinner, then a very young soldier, took part in the action, which he has described in very vivid language.

"The Rhatores, (he says), more than 10,000 in number, were seen approaching from a distance; the tramp of their immense and compact body rising like thunder above the roar of battle. They came on first at a hand-gallop, which

increased in speed as they approached; the well-served guns of the brigade showered grape upon their dense mass, cutting down hundreds at each discharge; but this had no effect in arresting their progress; on they came, like a whirlwind, trampling on fifteen hundred of their own body, destroyed by the cannon of the brigade; neither the murderous volleys from the muskets, nor the serried hedge of bayonets could check or shake them; they poured like a torrent over the brigade" (that of Dudernaig, above alluded to), "and rode it fairly down, leaving scarce a vestige of it remaining, as if the sheer weight of their mass had ground it to pieces. Then, as if they had but met with a slight obstacle, they looked not even behind them at the fallen, but went on unshaken, and still in their formidable mass, to attack the cavalry in the second line. These (as Skinner says) ran like sheep, while the Rhatores pursued them, cutting them down for several miles."

Skinner adds that Dudernaig "escaped only by throwing himself among the dead;" and he relates that after returning, with their kettle-drums beating, from chasing the runaway Mahrattas off the field, they twice charged the unbroken brigades, several of them breaking into the squares, and being bayoneted there.

They were most gallant soldiers, these Rajpoots, and it is really grievous to think how, by want of union and by bad policy, they permitted themselves to be trampled upon, bullied, and plundered by the Mahrattas, a people inferior to them in every respect. They had their vices—they were immoderately addicted to opium; and, far worse than that, their pride of caste and fear of social degradation impelled them to lay upon the altar of the demon who presides over those passions a sacrifice as precious as those offered in days of old to Moloch,—they withdrew the gift of life from their infant daughters. The British Government has been engaged for many years in the struggle against this abominable crime, and have met with a large measure of success; and we may hope with confidence that when the chiefs of Rajpootana are more generally brought, as they have been partially of late, within the influence, not of English statesmen only, but of English wives and mothers, a custom so hateful will be effectually swept away.

About this period Perron was brought into contact, and eventually into collision, with a man perhaps the most remarkable, in some respects, of all who figured at that time upon the stage of North-Western India. George Thomas, a native of Ireland, was, it is probable, the humblest in birth, and the least favoured by education,



of the many soldiers of fortune of the day. Coming to India as a quartermaster in a man-of-war, some say as a common sailor, in the year 1771, he left his ship—probably deserted—and entered into the service of the Polygars, petty native chieftains, the wild rulers of wild hills and jungles to the southward of Madras. After some years spent in that quarter, he plunged boldly into the vast tract of country that lay between him and the object which he had in view, and arriving in the course of time at Delhi, he was taken into the service of the Begum Somroo.

There is no record of the adventures through which he passed on this perilous journey. Those who know what India was at that epoch, how the country swarmed with armed men, some in bands of hundreds or thousands, some in the shape of single or affiliated highwaymen (known as "Cozaks"); how, in the words of the Song of Deborah, "the highways were unoccupied, and the travellers walked through byeways;" how no one dared to live in a detached house, and every village was fortified:—will be able to estimate, in some measure, the difficulties and dangers of such an adventure. We know as little about the circumstances of his introduction to service in the north-west, as we do about his journey thither; and it is hardly less wonderful that a friendless European should have found congenial employment in that quarter, than that he should have lived to reach it. He remained for some years in the service of the Begum, fighting her battles successfully against the Sikhs and other assailants, until he was ousted by some other candidate for her favour, probably by Levasso, the person whom she unwisely took for her second husband. But he was too useful a man to be long out of employ. He was shortly retained by Appa Kandarow, an officer of Sindhia, was employed to reduce refractory Zemindars, and had license given him to fight himself into possession of a fief for the support of the troops which he had been directed to enlist. Appa Kandarow is stated to have drowned himself in the river Jumna, under the pressure of a mortal disease; and from that time forth Thomas appears to have acknowledged no master. Overtures were made to him, more than once, to enter the service of Dowlut Rao Sindhia, and on one occasion Perron negotiated with him, whether sincerely or not, with that ostensible object, offering terms which would have tempted many men. But whether he distrusted Perron, or—as the event

showed to be likely—because he had other and more ambitious views, he broke off the conference, and marched back to his fief. For Thomas was distinguished from the other adventurers then in the field not only by his humble origin, and by the bold step that he had taken in traversing unaccompanied, as far as we know, the whole length of India in quest of employment, but also by the singular boldness of his aspirations, inasmuch as he alone appears to have entertained the idea of establishing himself as an independent prince. He had obtained dominion by force of arms over a tract of country which apparently acknowledged no other ruler, and where every man did that which was right in his own eyes. This territory, or a part of it at least, had been ostensibly ceded to him by the Mahrattas, but, in fact, they pretended to grant what was not theirs to give, the inhabitants being virtually independent; and Thomas had to fight his way to supremacy against the formidable opposition of a very warlike population.

But let him tell his own tale:—

"Here (he says) I established my capital, rebuilt the walls of the city, long since fallen into decay, and repaired the fortifications. As it had been long deserted, at first I found difficulty in procuring inhabitants, but by degrees and gentle treatment, I selected between five and six thousand persons, to whom I allowed every lawful indulgence.

"I established a mint, and coined my own rupees, which I made current in my army and country, as from the commencement of my career at Jyghur I had resolved to establish an independency. I employed workmen and artificers of all kinds, and I now judged that nothing but force of arms could maintain me in my authority. I therefore increased their numbers, cast my own artillery, commenced making muskets, matchlocks, and powder, and, in short, made the best preparations for carrying on an offensive or defensive war, till at length having gained a capital and country, bordering on the Sikh territories, I wished to put myself in a capacity, when a favourable opportunity should offer, of attempting the conquest of the Panjáb, and aspired to the honour of planting the BRITISH STANDARD on the banks of the Attock," as he called the Indus.

Truly, it might be said of George Thomas, as King James of Scotland said of Johnny Armstrong, a hero of the border,

"What wants this knave  
That a king should have?"

coining money, raising troops, casting guns, and levying contributions, with a

degree of calm confidence that would have beseeemed the mightiest of conquerors. But Thomas was not a knave in the ordinary sense of the term. He appears indeed, to have been a man of more than ordinary honesty. Like all soldiers of fortune, and like many soldiers not of that class, he was indifferent to the sacrifice of life which his ambition entailed upon those whom he defeated, but he was never wantonly cruel, and towards his own men he was eminently kind and considerate, settling pensions on the wounded, and on the widows and children of those who fell in action. War would be a more tolerable thing than it is, if all commanders of troops were as thoughtful and kind as George Thomas.

One fact is very remarkable—to which we shall have occasion to advert more at length in the sequel—not only in the record that we have of this man's strange career, but in all the narratives of that period, namely, the contemptuous light in which the military power of the Sikhs is invariably regarded. We all know what that power grew to at a later period, and the difference between the Sikh soldier as Thomas and Perron knew him, and as he faced the British army commanded by Lord Gough, can well be accounted for. Still that difference was extreme, and a very useful moral for our own guidance may be drawn from it.

From the time when he formed the bold resolution to establish himself as an independent prince, down to the date of his final fall, George Thomas was engaged in incessant conflicts with every class of his neighbours, in every quarter of the compass—Rajpoots, Mahrattas, Jāts, and Sikhs. And until he was crushed by the greatly superior numbers of the forces which Perron brought against him, he appears to have been uniformly successful. How profitable the results of one of these raids was (for raids they were, though on a large scale, with horse and foot, and not a few guns), the following extract from Major Francklin's work, given in the words of Thomas himself, will evince:—

“Thus ended a campaign of seven months, in which I had been more successful than I could possibly have expected, when I first took the field with a force consisting of 5,000 men and 80 pieces of cannon. I lost in killed, wounded, and disabled, nearly one-third of my force; but the enemy lost 5,000 persons of all descriptions. I realized nearly 200,000 rupees, exclusive of the pay of my army, and was to receive an additional 100,000 for the host-ages which were delivered up. I explored

the country, formed alliances, and, in short, was *Dictator* in all the countries belonging to the Sikhs, to the southward of the river Sutlege.”

But besides payments of money, he imposed other onerous terms upon his enemies, compelling the Rajah of Puttialla first to raise the siege of the fort in which his sister had taken refuge, and then to restore her to her former position, and to pay a considerable penalty. And when he was finally brought to bay and compelled to surrender, he was able to stipulate that he should be escorted with honour by a battalion of regular Sepoys, commanded by an English officer, to the nearest cantonment of the British forces. From thence he proceeded to Benares, where he appears to have stayed for some months, and where he met his biographer, Captain Francklin, to whom he dictated those passages of the memoir which are manifestly, as they profess to be, the spontaneous productions of his own mind. Unhappily, after all his trials and perils, and after having faced death in numberless encounters, many of them hand to hand, he did not live to reach his native land, nor even Calcutta. He died and was buried at Berhampore, then a station of the British army. And if we can forgive him—what at that time, and under his circumstances, was rarely accounted a crime—that he shed blood, and that very largely, in the quarrels of others with which he had no concern, and that he manifested occasionally very violent outbursts of temper, we shall still, to do justice, be obliged to admit that he displayed many and very striking traits of generosity and benevolence, that he was scrupulously true to all his engagements, that he never deserted or betrayed a friend or an ally, and that he possessed in an uncommon measure those noble qualities which secured to him the devoted attachment of all, of whatever race, who served under him.

One remarkable anecdote of the close of his career remains to be told. He was always devotedly loyal to the British Government, and the conclusion of his day-dream of conquering the Punjab was always the annexation of that broad territory to the dominions of his Sovereign. On his way down the river to Benares he met the fleet of Lord Wellesley, then on his way to Lucknow. He was invited on board the boat of the Governor-General, who availed himself of the opportunity to obtain information, not only with regard to the amount of the forces that the Mahrattas could bring into the field, but also in respect to

the geography of the wide provinces with which George Thomas was so well acquainted. The map of North-Western India was laid upon the table, and Thomas, sweeping his broad palm over it from end to end, exclaimed, "All this ought to be red," the colour indicative of British dominion. And so it fell out, that after a very few short years, the restless ambition of Sindhia and his trust in Perron's battalions, provoking a collision, the fairest of those provinces became the legitimate spoils of war — for the Mahratta had but just wrested them from the Mogul — and were annexed to the British Empire.

In justice to M. Perron we turn back from this episode, in order to clear his character from what appears to us to be an unmerited reproach. That he was addicted to intrigue we have already admitted, and it is equally certain that he gave a partial preference to his own countrymen, as respects promotion and command, not only over their English comrades, but also over those of the Mahrattas, whose good services deserved distinction and reward. But he has been charged with being "false to his salt," and with deserting his master, who had heaped honours and emoluments upon him, at the crisis when he had rashly brought upon himself the hostility of the British Government. Now it is beyond doubt that Perron did not stand by Sindhia in his extremity as he might have done, as men like De Boigne and George Thomas would have done, if the conflict had been with any other than the British power. But when the matter is more closely examined, it will be seen that just cause of offence and alienation had latterly been given to Perron, and that the master who had ill-treated him, and would, if he had dared, have treated him still worse, even to the last extremity, had no right to count upon obtaining specially zealous services from him. The story of this breach in the relations between the prince and his general is well and graphically told by Colonel Skinner, who was an eyewitness of the scene, which illustrates so strikingly the climax of Mahratta intrigue.

Perron had been summoned by Sindhia to Ohjein, where that chieftain was encamped. Here he was very coolly received. He reached the camp on the 20th of March, and it was not till the 26th that he was invited to attend on the Maharajah, and was then kept waiting for two hours, "while Sindhia was amusing himself by flying kites." When Perron was admitted his audience lasted only half-an-hour,

when "Sindhia dismissed the durbar, and desired Perron to return to his camp, which he did, completely disgusted with the cold and slighting treatment he had received from his master. Eight days now passed without the slightest notice or message from Sindhia to "Perron," while he was warned by a friend, a Mahratta officer of the highest rank, to be on his guard, "as the Maharajah had resolved to lay hold on him," to place him in a confinement from which he probably would not have escaped with his life.

"Perron (Skinner proceeds), aware of the intrigues of his enemies, became depressed and perturbed; when at length matters seemed likely to be brought to a crisis. A day was appointed for holding a durbar, to which Perron and all his European officers were invited. At this durbar Sindhia, together with his father-in-law Surjee Rao Ghatke, had formed a plot to lay hold on him, and had employed 500 Pathans, belonging to Bahadour Khan (a chief then at Malaghur), and several others of his own favorites — his companions in vice and debauchery — to carry this purpose into effect.

"Perron, however, was made aware of this plot, and ordered all the native officers of both brigades, as low as the rank of Jemadar, as well as all the European officers, to come fully armed to attend his visit to Sindhia. Our full uniform included a brace of pistols attached to our sword-belts, and these he directed us to bring loaded. We amounted in all to 300 native and 30 European officers; and in this state of preparation we marched to the durbar, a large tent pitched for the occasion.

"At the hour of nine in the morning, headed by Perron, we reached the tent. Sindhia rose to receive us, and we all presented our nuzzars. We were then directed to sit down on the left side of the presence, the right being occupied by the Pathans, who regarded us very fiercely. When we were seated, Sindhia, turning to Perron, observed that the invitation had only been extended to himself and his European officers; to which Perron replied, that in arranging his suite he had only followed the old rule laid down by himself and his uncle; and this answer silenced him. All this time we sat quiet, eyeing each other, whilst much whispering went on between Sindhia, Gopaul Rao, and Surjee Rao. I believe it was Gopaul Rao who persuaded him not to attempt any violence, for that not only himself, but the whole party would be cut to pieces by the fine body of men whom Perron had brought in.

"Sindhia then ordered the Pathans to retire, and they all got up, looking at us as if they would eat us, while our men sat laughing at them with the most perfect unconcern. When they were gone, Sindhia and Surjee Rao began to flatter, and endeavour to throw Perron off his guard; but he, assisted as he was by his old friend Gopaul Rao, was too old a soldier to be so cajoled;

and so khilats were ordered for us all, and after receiving them we presented our nuzzurs, which he graciously accepted. Betel was then handed round, and we received leave to retire.

"Perron then got up, and taking off his sword, laid it down at Sindhia's feet, saying that he had grown old in his service, and that it did not become him to be disgraced by dissolute knaves and bullies; that all he wanted was his discharge. Then, addressing us, he said that henceforth we must look to Sindhia, for that he, for his part, was too old now to brook affronts, and must retire. Sindhia, on this, rose and embraced Perron, telling him that he regarded him as his uncle, and that he had no idea what had offended him. Compliments without measure passed between both parties, but, on taking leave, Perron cautioned Sindhia to beware of Surjee Rao Ghatkea, for he would be his ruin — a caution in which all the old Mahratta chiefs joined cordially, and applauded the part which Perron had taken.

"At length we returned to camp, where several days were occupied in the transmission of messages to and from the Court, and in visits from chieftains who were sent to make matters up. But Perron was too indignant to be pacified."

After so plain a manifestation as this of a malignant design upon his liberty at least, if not his life, it could not in reason be expected that Perron should retain any feelings of loyalty, not to speak of affection, for his treacherous master. Mr. Fraser, Skinner's biographer, says: "Had Perron been honest and sincere, instead of a traitor as he was, the Mahrattas would have given much trouble to the English." No doubt, Perron, if well affected, might have fought the battles of the Mahrattas with more skill, and perhaps with better success, than the inferior officers upon whom the command of his brigades devolved, but he must have been more or less than man if, after the provocation he had received, he could have placed his life at hazard in the service of so faithless a prince. At any rate, great allowance must, in justice, be made for a soldier, bound to his service by no ties of patriotism, who had so narrowly escaped a snare deliberately set by his master for his ruin. And it would seem that Perron had actually been dismissed by Sindhia from the chief command before Lord Lake commenced hostilities. However this may be, Perron did not strike a single blow against the British forces, but took the earliest opportunity of slipping away from his brigades, and surrendering to the English. And most of the French officers lost no time in following his example. The English officers had previously been discharged by

Perron, who replied to Skinner's remonstrances by crying in broken English, "Ah no, Monsieur Skinner, I not trust, not trust; I 'fraid you all go. Goodbye Monsieur Skinner; no trust, no trust!" And so he rode off, Skinner sending an indignant execration after him. For Skinner was at that time wedded to the Mahratta service, and knowing nothing of the fighting quality of the English soldiers, he believed that the troops which he had so often led or seen led to victory, might again be triumphant. It was not till after much persuasion that he entered the British service, and then only on the condition — to which Lord Lake, to his honour, assented — that he should not be required to serve against Sindhia.

For a long time we despaired of obtaining any trustworthy information as to M. Perron's movements after he left India, but at the last moment, by the kindness of a friend, we were directed to a work in which we least expected to find any trace of him — *De Bourrienne's Memoirs*. That author was appointed minister at Hamburg in June 1805, and he notices the arrival of Perron — and by a second vessel, of M. Bourguien, another Indo-French general, who, as Perron's successor, fought the battle of Delhi against Lord Lake — at that port in September of the following year. Where they had spent the long intermediate period does not appear, but there was at that time, of course, no direct communication between British India and any part of France or of its dependencies, and it probably cost these officers much time and trouble to obtain the means of returning to their native land, even by a circuitous route. The bitter enmity stated to have existed between the two generals is easily accounted for. Bourguien, who had been left by Perron in command at Delhi, had got up an intrigue against that officer, "asserting" says Fraser, "that Perron had turned traitor, and had gone over to the English; he invited the troops to make him their commander, and that he would lead them on to glory." Not content with this, Bourguien wrote "to the cavalry at Muttra informing them that Perron was a traitor, and enjoining them to seize him." This was provocation enough, and the more so because it was in some sense true, for Perron had certainly, at that time, made up his mind to surrender himself to Lord Lake, though not before he had been superseded in his command by Sindhia. Bourguien, on his part, cordially hated Perron on the ground of the maxim, placed on record for all

lands and all time by Tacitus,—"Odi quem læseris." De Bourrienne writes:—

"Il n'est personne qui n'ait entendu parler du fameux général Perron, qui a joué un si grand rôle chez les Mahrattes et près du prince Scindia. Il y avait un peu plus d'un an que j'étais à Hambourg quand il y arriva. Il vint me demander un passeport, et j'eus avec lui les conversations les plus amusantes sur ses aventures vraiment extraordinaires. Il me dit qu'il avait possédé plus de cinquante millions, mais que pour pouvoir s'embarquer dans un port des Indes orientales, il avait été obligé de payer aux Anglais des sommes si considérables, que cela avait emporté plus des trois quarts de ses richesses. Plusieurs de ses malles étaient remplies de magnifiques cachemires. Il eut la bonté de m'en offrir.

"Le général Perron était manchot. Il avait avec lui deux enfans, un garçon et une fille, nés d'une mère indienne, et dont la peau cuivrée rappelait leur origine maternelle. Le costume de ces enfans était si original qu'ils servaient pendant quelque temps de spectacle partout où ils allaient. Leur col et leurs bras étaient ceints de grands anneaux d'or pur, mais ce collier et ces bracelets ne ressemblaient point à ceux que portent les femmes d'Europe que l'on met et ôte à volonté; ils avaient été soudés sur place, et cela avec tant de perfection qu'il était presque impossible d'en distinguer la suture. Ces enfans ne savaient pas un mot de Français; leur père paraissait les aimer beaucoup, et les caressait sans cesse.

"Quelques jours après l'arrivée du général Perron, arriva aussi du Bengale M. Bourguien, qui prit aussi un passeport pour la France. Il était en guerre ouverte avec M. Perron, qui m'avait aussi parlé de lui dans des termes pareils. Ils professaient un profond mépris l'un pour l'autre, et s'accusaient tous deux avec acharnement de la ruine des Mahrattes; mais tous deux avaient fait une immense fortune. Je ne sais pas ce qu'est devenu M. Bourguien; quant au général Perron, il vit retiré dans une terre magnifique qu'il a achetée dans les environs de Vendôme. Il s'est remarié, et a eû de ce second lit d'autres enfans, qu'il a parfaitement élevés. Une de ses filles, une ange, a épousé, il y a quelques années, un M. de la Rochefoucauld; mais peu de mois après cette union, la mort l'a enlevée aux adorations de tous ceux qui la connaissaient. J'ai connu son mari, sous-préfet à Sens." (Vol. vii. p. 183.)

Perron had lived long enough among the Mahrattas to acquire, in full perfection, one of the most inveterate habits of those "liars of the first magnitude." De Bourrienne evidently believed, as Perron would have had him, that the English, who had really received him with the utmost kindness and hospitality, had fleeced him of three-fourths of his wealth, before they suffered him to leave India. When

we remember that Lord Wellesley was then the Governor-General, and who they were who served under him, this fiction requires no other refutation.

The story of the adventurous career of James Skinner has been told well and in considerable detail by Mr. James Baillie Fraser, the author of the Kuzzilbash, a tale of Persian and Afghan life, very popular in its day, and of travels in those and other Oriental countries. Skinner, who was the son of a Scotch officer in the Company's service and of his Rajpootnee mistress, and who was wont to say that no man could be better bred for a soldier, did not rise to high command, like De Boigne and Perron, in the Mahratta service, for he was still young when he received, with other Englishmen, a very peremptory discharge from the latter general, who professed to distrust his British officers, though he himself altogether declined to stand to his colours. Skinner, indeed, seems never to have attained a higher position than the command of a battalion, in which, however, he did excellent service, and passed through many and great perils. On one occasion, in 1800, he barely escaped with his life. In concert with the Karowlee Rajah, he was opposed to the Ooneara chief; the rajah was a coward and his men traitors, so that Skinner was soon left to fight the battle with his own battalions alone, greatly outnumbered both by the horse and foot of the enemy. When the affair became desperate, he says:—

"Here I made a short speech to my men. I told them that we were trying to avoid a thing which none could escape—that was death—that came what would, and, as such was the case, it became us to meet it, and die like soldiers."

The issue was soon decided:—

"I had got clear of the enemy's infantry, who had got a little sickened, and showed less disposition to chase, but the cavalry kept on charging, and my men giving up very fast. . . . I still had some 300 good soldiers and my gun left, but a party of horse pressed me so hard, that I moved out with 100 men and stopped them. But when I looked back, I found only ten had followed me, the rest had turned back, and joined the gun. As I was going to follow them, a horseman galloped up, matchlock in hand, and shot me through the groin. I fell, and became insensible immediately; and after my fall, the poor remains of my brave but unfortunate fellows met the same fate. I do not believe that 50 men out of the 1000 escaped from the field untouched.

"It was about three o'clock in the afternoon when I fell, and I did not regain my senses till



sunrise the next morning. When I came to myself, I soon remembered what had happened, for several other wounded soldiers were lying near me. My pantaloons were the only rag that had been left me, and I crawled under a bush to shelter myself from the sun. Two men of my battalion crept near me, the one a Soobahdar, who had his leg shot off below the knee, the other, a Jemadar, had a spear wound through his body. We were now dying of thirst but not a soul was to be seen, and in this state we remained the whole day, praying for death. But, alas! night came on, but neither death nor assistance. The moon was full and clear, and about midnight it was very cold. So dreadful did this night appear to me, that I swore, if I survived, to have nothing more to do with soldiering; the wounded on all sides crying out for water; the jackals tearing the dead, and coming nearer and nearer to see if we were ready for them. We only kept them off by throwing stones and making noises. Thus passed this long and horrible night.

"Next morning we spied a man and an old woman, who came to us with a basket and a pot of water; and to every wounded man she gave a piece of joaree bread from the basket, and a drink from her water-pot. To us she gave the same, and I thanked Heaven and her. But the Soobahdar was a high-caste Rajpoot; and as this woman was a Chumar (or of the lowest caste), he would receive neither water nor bread from her. I tried to persuade him to take it, that he might live; but he said that, in our state, with but a few hours more to linger, what was a little more or less suffering to us — why should he give up his faith for such an object? No he preferred to die unpolluted.

"I asked the woman where she lived, and she gave me the name of her village, which was about two cōs from Jouke, and a cōs and a half from where we lay. About three in the afternoon, a chieftain of the Ooneara Rajah's with 100 horsemen, and coolies and bildars (porters and pioneers), arrived on the ground, with orders to bury the dead, and to send the wounded into camp. The poor Soobahdar now got water, of which he was in the utmost need — indeed, nearly dead for want of it. When we were brought to camp, we found a large two-poled tent pitched, in which all the wounded of my battalion were collected, and, to the best of my recollection, they amounted now to 300 men. No sooner was I brought in, than they all called out, 'Ah, here is our dear captain!' and some offered me bread, and some water, or what they had. The chieftain had wrapped me in a large chudder (sheet) when he took me up; and right glad was I to find so many of my brave fellows near me.

"My wound was now dressed by the native doctors, and the ball taken out. They soon sent the Rajah word of my arrival, and he sent for me immediately. His tent was close by, and they carried me thither upon my charpau (low bedstead). The Rajah got up when I entered

and made my salaam, and sending for a morah (stool), he sat down by me, asked my name, who I was, and what rank I held. I replied that I was a soldier, and now his prisoner. He then sent me back to my tent, saying that I required rest, and gave me much praise for my conduct in the day of battle.

"No sooner had I reached my tent, than a Chobdar came, on the Rajah's part, and presented me with 500 rupees, and a tray of cooked meats for dinner. Of the first I gave the Chobdar 100 rupees as a present; the other 400, with the victuals, I divided amongst my men. As for myself, the surgeon gave me a good dose of opium, which procured me a fine night's rest. Next morning, the Rajah pitched a small tent for me, and wanted to remove me from the men, but I begged he would permit me to stay with them; on which he came himself, and sat talking to me for an hour of different things, and sent me food from his own kitchen, and was kind and generous to all the wounded.

"We remained ten days with him in camp, after which he sent us all into his capital of Ooneara, where we were lodged in a large *pucka* house (that is, built of stone and lime). In a few days he followed, and visited us every day, and allowed me to write to Perron, stipulating for my letter being in Persian. We remained with him a month, when he sent us all to Bhurtpore, presenting me with a grand khilut, including a horse, a shield, and a sword; and giving ten rupees to each of the men, with more in proportion to the native officers. I am glad to say that my friend the Soobahdar was also fast recovering."

Mr. Fraser adds a note : —

"The generous conduct of the Ooneara Rajah one of the least of the Rajpoot princes, cannot fail of striking the reader, especially as contrasted with that of Holkar and some of the native chiefs: it breathes of, and illustrates, that generous and chivalrous spirit which of old was the boast and the attribute of the Rajpoot tribes."

'What hero of European chivalry, what Bayard or Sidney, could have shown more kindness and generosity to a fallen enemy? And our author does well to place the Mahratta Holkar in contrast with the Rajpoot chieftain. As regards the former race, from the beginning to the end of the volumes that we have consulted in writing this article, we have scarcely lit upon a single trait in the character or conduct of any Mahratta, high or low, indicative of a frank, noble, or unselfish spirit. They are all alike mean and treacherous, and they know that they have, and that they well deserve, the reputation which these words describe. Sir Arthur Wellesley was placed by circumstances, on one occasion, within the power of a Mahratta



chieftain. "Are you not afraid," said the chief, "to trust yourself with me?" As a matter of course Sir Arthur replied that he had the most unbounded confidence in the good faith and honour of his companion. "Ah!" rejoined the chief, "that's very well said, but after all we are but Mahrattas." Assassinations, torturings, and brutal executions, crushing state prisoners' heads with mallets, trampling them to death under the feet of elephants, and the like, deface every page of their history from Sevajee downwards; and the Nana of Cawnpore was a true scion of the stock from which he sprang. Some few of their women have been bright examples of a gentler and more humane spirit, but ninety-nine out of every hundred of the race over whose decadence pseudo-philanthropists shed tears worthy of Mr. Pecksniff, are men unworthy of trust, tricky and false in civil life, and when kept down by the strong hand of power; cruel and bloodthirsty when placed in positions enabling them to manifest their natural character without restraint.

The Rajpoots are men of a very different type. They only are the true aristocracy of India; they only have any real hold upon the affections of the general body of their subjects. In many places where the Mahrattas ruled, the people of their own race were very few. Sir John Malcolm wrote, at the beginning of the century, that there were not more Mahrattas within the dominions of the Rajah of Nagpore than there were Englishmen in Bengal. We believe that the relations of the two parties to each other remain, to the present day, pretty much the same, if, indeed, the great influx of Englishmen of late years into Bengal have not turned the scale of numbers in their favour. But there are some who maunder over the annexation of the province to the British dominions on the death of the last rajah without heirs, as if the affections of a loyal and devoted people had been outraged by the measure, as if the Mahrattas had held the territory for centuries, and as if the whole body of the inhabitants of Nagpore clung to their rulers of yesterday as fondly as the natives of Rajpootana reverence the rajahs whom they believe to be descended from the Sun.

Up to the time of the breaking out of the war between Sindhia and the British Government, Skinner continued in command of a Mahratta battalion, doing zealous and excellent service; and it would seem that his father being dead, he felt no such tie of allegiance to England as would

have led him to dispense voluntarily with the military obligations that bound him to the master whose salt he had eaten for several years. He appears, indeed, from Mr. Fraser's account of his feelings, to have imbibed a strong prejudice against his father's countrymen and the British service; he endeavoured, as we have seen, to induce Perron to recall his discharge, and he refused to accept Lord Lake's offer of employment, except with the stipulation that he was not to be required to serve against Sindhia. To this condition Lord Lake generously and wisely assented, and from that moment Skinner attached himself to the service of the Company with that loyalty and devotion which eminently distinguished his character, until, having won the favour of every general under whom he served—Lord Lake, the Marquis of Hastings, Sir David Ochterlony, and Lord Combermere—he was rewarded by the commission of a lieutenant-colonel in the British service, and by the Star of a Commander of the Bath.\* But it is beyond the scope of this article to follow him into his new career; and we shall close our notice of this gallant soldier by the relation of two anecdotes, in one of which he was personally an actor, and in the other only an eyewitness.

The Rajah of Jypore had refused to pay the stipulated tribute to Sindhia, and, as we have stated, an army was sent to coerce him. A battle ensued, in which, despite the desperate valour of the Rhatore cavalry, the disciplined infantry prevailed, and the Rajpoots were driven from the field. Skinner was sent forward with 300 cavalry to ascertain to what distance the flight had extended. He found the enemy's camp entirely deserted.

"My troopers (he says) dispersed to plunder, and I myself, with two of them, went on, and reached the Rajah's own bungalow, the most beautiful thing I ever saw, all covered with embroidery and crimson velvet. I entered, and saw nothing but gold and silver. In opening one of the Rajah's poojah (worship) baskets I found two golden idols, with diamond eyes, which I immediately secured in my bosom. I found also several other trinkets, which I like-

\* Colonel Skinner left a large fortune and a numerous family by sundry wives and concubines, of whom he had at least fourteen. His domestic habits, and probably his creed, were Mahomedan rather than Christian. The Privy Council has recently had to decide on two occasions questions arising out of the descent of his property and the peculiar status and creed of his family. One of these cases is still pending, which is to determine whether his granddaughter, Miss Victoria Skinner, is to be brought up as a Mahomedan or as a Christian.

wise took. . . In coming away I found a brass fish, with two chowrees hanging from it, like moustachios. It attracted my curiosity, and I tied it to my saddle. In my way back, I met numbers of Mahratta chieftains, going and coming, who all looked at me, and laughed as I passed, for what reason I could not then imagine."

On his return to the camp Skinner was sent for, rather to his consternation, as he was alarmed for his idols and trinkets, and found the Mahratta commander-in-chief sitting under a large tree. As he was not told at first why he was wanted, he grew confused, and as they all laughed, he became still more embarrassed. At last, the general asked what it was he had hanging to his saddle, and Skinner replied:—

"'A brass fish.' 'Will you give it me?' said he. 'By all means,' said I, 'provided you will demand nothing more of me'—on which I loosed the fish and presented it to him. . . . He then explained to me that the fish I had given him was the actual *Mahi-Maratib* (literally 'the fish of dignities'), or imperial ensign of honour bestowed by the King of Delhi upon the Rajah."

Skinner little knew what a highly valued prize he had carelessly carried off.

On the day when Lord Lake carried by a *coup de main* the strong fortress of Allyghur, blowing open the gate, and storming with the 76th Foot (a deed of which Mr. Marshman tells us General Wellesley remarked "that he had often attempted to blow open a gate, but had never succeeded, and that he considered the capture of Allyghur one of the most extraordinary feats he had ever heard of"), Skinner was standing on the glacis, watching the storming party, in very depressed spirits, having lost his command in the Mahratta service, and not having, as yet, been received into that of the Company. He had been struck with admiration of the style in which the 76th forced their way into the fort, through narrow passages commanded by loop-holed walls (though with the loss of 217 in killed and wounded, of whom 17 were officers), and the actual conflict had at last ceased, when he saw a private soldier issue from the broken gate, evidently exhausted by fatigue, with his mouth (as we ourselves heard him describe it), "black with biting his cartridges," and staggering under the weight of a large bag of rupees, which he carried on his shoulder. As he slowly passed on towards the camp, he was assailed by two troopers of native cavalry in undress, who appeared determined to despoil him of his hard-earned booty. The soldier defended

himself as well as he could, but tired out and encumbered by his burden, he was on the point of being overpowered, when he suddenly opened the mouth of the bag and poured out the rupees upon the ground. The spoilers instantly threw themselves upon the prey, which they began greedily to pick up. While they were thus absorbed, the soldier deliberately loaded his musket, shot one of his assailants, ran the other through the body with his bayonet, and then calmly proceeded to replace the rupees in the bag. We have heard Colonel Skinner—a veteran when we knew him—tell this story far more graphically than we have been able to retail it. He told it to Lord Lake at the time, who endeavoured to find out the man who had so successfully defended what had accrued to him by the right of war; but he evidently thought that in such a case the philosophy of Corporal Nym—"pauca verba"—should govern his conduct, so he kept his own counsel and the rupees.

But although we had resolved not to follow Colonel Skinner's career after his entry into the British service, there is one passage which reflects so much honour upon him and on the gallant corps that he commanded, and which tells, although indirectly, through what labours and fatigues Lord Lake led his army to victory, that we cannot forbear to quote it. Colonel Skinner says:—

"I reached that place (Coel) on the 27th, terminating a course of the severest service that any corps had ever gone through. In the chase after Holkar the army had gone 500 miles, in that after Meer Khan 700 miles; and mine was the only Hindoostanee corps during all that time that continued throughout the chase. It performed all the duties of the camp, and, to the best of my belief, was never less than eighteen hours out of the twenty-four on horse-back. The hardships endured by my men, who were constantly out, were well known to the Commander and officers of the two detachments. On the smallest calculation, they underwent in these two chases full twice the labour and hardships endured by the regulars, and often in the chase after Meer Khan, when my men had the rear guard, have they picked up the European dragoons, who were knocked up on the march, and dismounting, put them on their own horses, and led them thus to camp, conduct which made them beloved by the dragoons; and notwithstanding this hard duty, they never murmured, nor were once accused of disobeying any order whatsoever; and never did they turn their backs before the enemy, though frequently opposed to far superior numbers. His Excellency's kindness towards the corps was great, and whenever service was to be performed, I

was sure of being sent for, which was a matter of the greatest consolation and satisfaction to me, and gave me spirits to undergo my labour cheerfully, knowing that if anything were done, it would not fail of being acknowledged by his lordship. It these two campaigns, I had the satisfaction of receiving from his Excellency two swords and a pair of pistols, a circumstance which was regarded as a mark of great favour and approbation."

We should have closed here that part of our retrospect which relates to the Mahrattas, but a sense of what is due to the British Government of India, unjustly impugned by an unworthy comparison, compels us to extend this branch of our subject a little farther. Looking at the condition of Northern, Western, and Central India from the date—to go no farther back—at which Madhajeo Sindhia first entertained European officers in his service, to the conclusion of the campaign of Lord Hastings against the Mahrattas and their vile satellites the Pindarees, and taking that state of things as a type of native society under the rule of princes of average character, it is passing strange that a statesman so acute as Lord Salisbury should have been led to harbour a doubt whether the British Government were really regarded by the great body of the native population as superior to the domination of rulers of their own race. It is true, no doubt, that the Government of the Moguls, under the best sovereigns of that nationality, was greatly superior to that of the Mahrattas, who seem to have regarded themselves as encamped for a season, rather than as rulers for all time, in the territories which they occupied and fed upon as locusts might feed. But the sceptre of the former had been irreparably broken; the whole country was a chaos, devastated by hostile armies; and it appears to human eyes absolutely certain that if the English had not interposed, the dominion of the Mahrattas would have been indefinitely perpetuated from the Bay of Bengal to the Himalayas, and the people ground to powder under their cruel sway. What that sway was, history is unable to tell without coining new words for the purpose. The "wulsa" of a district was the exodus of the whole population from their homes, to take refuge with the wild beasts from the more merciless Mahrattas and Pindarees. Colonel Wilks tells us that the wulsa never went out before a British force, *if unaccompanied by native allies*. There were no hamlets, no detached houses, the villages (far apart) had each its walls and moat; and all the inhabitants

within reach of fortified towns fled thither for refuge. When such a town was taken, the whole population was given up to plunder. The men were brutally tortured to extract their money, and the women were either ravished, killed by their husbands or fathers, or self-immolated to escape dishonour. It would seem to be impossible to exaggerate the atrocities committed and the miseries endured by the actors and sufferers respectively in these provinces and at that time. There are districts, severally attached to the presidency of Bombay and to the Central Provinces—Candeish and Nimar,—which have not, to this day, recovered from the desolation and depopulation inflicted on them by their ruthless invaders more than half a century ago. This is no figure of speech; it is a simple matter of fact. And this would have been the condition of all India if the British power had not been raised up as a barrier against the flood of rapine, lust, and bloodshed. For no one can pretend that native society possessed in itself any recuperative power. There was no hope that any individual or class would stand forward to stem the tide. The people thoroughly appreciated their own misery, and they designated the period as the "era of troubles." Time has doubtless rendered the recollection of those inexpressible horrors less vivid, but they still survive in traditions; and the people, even of the present day, well know the difference between the march through their country of an English and a Mahratta army, between an English collector and a Mahratta mamlutdar.

Lord Salisbury has clearly formed his notion of a native government from what he has heard or read of their condition at the present day. But that they are what they are is solely owing to the existence—all powerful to restrain—of the government which he depreciates. If that government did not exist, the Mahrattas would be at this day exacting unlimited "chout" (black-mail) from the Rajpoot States, if they had not already trampled them out of being; the same ubiquitous horsemen would have overrun and put under tribute the whole of Southern India; and the Sikhs would have occupied all the North-Western Provinces and Oude. The two dominant races would have then flown at each others' throats. Between two such millstones the subject peoples, of all races, would have been ground to powder. Our example and our power combined have made the native States what they are; and if the people are hap-

pier under Sindhia, Holkar, or the Nizam than they were under their predecessors a hundred years ago, their thanks are justly due to the British Government, and to that Government only, as if they were the subjects of Queen Victoria.

We have stated that at the period of which we were treating the Sikhs were very lightly esteemed as soldiers. They appear to have been generally routed whenever they attempted to break into Hindostan, and George Thomas spoke with great confidence of marching, with his very moderate force, through the whole breadth of the Punjab, and planting his standards on the banks of the Attock or Indus. In the volumes which we have consulted their soldierly qualities are never mentioned with any respect; and we well remember that Lord Metcalfe, whose escort had beaten back a violent assault which a body of them made on his camp, when he was sojourning at Lahore in 1808, as an ambassador to Runjeet Singh, expressed great surprise when he heard with how much vigour they had attacked the British forces under Lord Gough, and how hardly our victories over them had been won. He estimated Runjeet's whole force at only 12,000 men at the time of his mission, and as they were at that time wholly destitute of European training, he had formed a very mean opinion of their military qualifications. Nearly fifty years ago, in a news-letter received by the Resident at Delhi from Lahore, the writer recorded that Runjeet Singh had held a review of a large body of his cavalry, and had asked one of the European officers who had recently entered his service, how many of those fine fellows would be able to ride over a regiment of English infantry? "Not a hundred thousand of them," was the candid answer. Unlike most Asiatic princes, Runjeet was wise enough to take this discouraging opinion in good part, and practically profited by it. He never to his dying day measured swords with a British force. His successors, or rather the headstrong and mutinous soldiery, whom they nominally commanded, were less sagacious. They crossed the Sutlej to march, as they persuaded themselves, upon Delhi, and hence, after an interval of some years, the almost entire destruction of Runjeet's fine army, and the annexation of the Punjab.

But between the period when Runjeet sought information from what Lord Byron calls

as to the relative power of his cavalry and of the British infantry, and the day when the Sikh army crossed the Sutlej, a great change for the better had been effected in the discipline and consequent efficiency of that army. Runjeet had raised large bodies of infantry, and they had been carefully drilled and instructed by European officers; and so successful had been the process that the forces which met Lords Gough and Hardinge on the hither bank of the Sutlej were, beyond all comparison the most formidable enemy with which the British power had ever been brought into collision in India. A large train of artillery had been formed, of metal so heavy that our lighter field-pieces were quite unable to cope with them in any duel of that arm; and all our successes against them in the first Sikh campaign were consequently won, at a heavy sacrifice of life, by the brilliant courage of our troops of the line, who charged and captured their batteries. The Sikhs owed their beautiful guns, as well as the discipline that insured the steadiness and cohesion of the gallant infantry which supported them, entirely to the European officers whom the wise Runjeet had attached to his service. His principal generals were all French or Italian — MM. Allard, Ventura, Avitabile, and Court; and though they had all, we believe, wisely left the service and the country before the far-seeing policy of Runjeet had been discarded — fearing probably the unbridled license of the soldiers whom they commanded quite as much as the British forces — they left behind them a legacy of discipline and of what the French call *solidité*, which, though it puffed the Sikhs up with an extravagant notion of their own prowess, encouraged them to stand shoulder to shoulder in their fierce conflicts with the British infantry. Mr. Lepel Griffin has given a good account of this transformation of the Sikh army from the rabble that fled before George Thomas and the Mahrattas in his very instructive work on the "Rajahs of the Punjab." He says: —

Under Maharajah Runjeet Singh, the Sikh army almost entirely changed. The cavalry ceased to be the chief part of the force, and the infantry became the favourite service. This was in part owing to the labours of some European officers whom the Maharajah took into his service, and who introduced the teaching which had become general in Europe, the value of infantry, as against cavalry, being everywhere acknowledged. Some of these officers, Allard, Ventura, Avitabile and Court, were men of

"The wisdom of the cautious Frank,"

considerable ability, and quite competent to perform all they promised in increasing the efficiency of the Lahore army. The infantry under their instruction became a most formidable body of troops, well-disciplined and steady, though slow in manœuvring. Their endurance was moreover very great, and a whole regiment would march thirty miles a day for many days together. The enlistment in the regular army during the great Maharajah's reign was entirely voluntary, but there was no difficulty in obtaining recruits, for the service was exceedingly popular."

He goes on to say that "the Sikh cavalry in the time of Runjeet Singh were, as a rule, miserably mounted and armed, and were more celebrated for taking to flight when attacked than for any display of valour.

"On foot, the Sikh is one of the bravest and most steady of soldiers, and, well-led, would probably hold his own against the best European troops. He is unhappy on horseback, and is surpassed by Afghans and Hindustanis, troops far inferior as infantry soldiers. In the time of Runjeet Singh, the Infantry were the pick of the youth of the country; only the handsomest and strongest men were selected; while the cavalry were irregular troops, the contingents of the different sirdars, and not appointed for any considerations of bravery or strength. The horses were small, weak, and ill-bred, and the accoutrements were of the roughest and coarsest kind."

These horsemen and the Sikh infantry—such as they were before their French commander taught them their business,—were the troops that Thomas calculated so confidently and probably with so much reason, upon sweeping out of his way on his march to the Indus. What they afterwards became we experienced to our heavy loss in many a bloody encounter, as did the Afghans and still wilder inhabitants of the trans-Indus territory. By the aid of his disciplined infantry, Runjeet Singh wrested from the Mahomedans Peshawur and its dependencies up to the mouth of the Khyber Pass, and this slip of frontier has been attached, with the rest of the Punjab, to the British Empire.

Of those whom we have named as the principal officers employed by Runjeet Singh to discipline his soldiers, we believe that Allard was the only gentleman by birth and education. He had held a commission in the army of the first Napoleon, in which Ventura was a sergeant. These two had entered the Punjab together, through Persia, but we do not know whether they had travelled in company the whole distance from Europe. It is stated that they were reduced to such extremities before they reached India, that they were compelled to earn their bread

in Persia, or elsewhere on their way, by sweeping a mosque. For whatever reason, Allard never exercised any civil functions, but Ventura was for some time the administrator of the Rechaab Doab, having his headquarters at Vuzerabad on the Chenab river. We never heard either good or evil of him in his civil capacity. His widow, pleading destitution, applied for and received, a few years ago, a small pension from the Government of India. He died, we believe, in France. Allard never left the Punjab, and was buried at Lahore, or in its immediate neighbourhood. Court seems to have been a mere drill-serjeant.

But Avitabile, the fourth man, a Neapolitan by birth, left his mark, in characters of blood, upon the district that he ruled. He had charge of the frontier, and resided at Peshawur, where he exercised full civil as well as military power. This trans-Indus territory had been conquered by the Sikhs from the Afghans; the population was mainly Mahomedan, and therefore impatient of infidel rule; and the mountaineers beyond the border were even more fierce and lawless than the inhabitants of Peshawur and its immediate neighbourhood—which it was not very easy to be. Life was held at a very cheap rate, and to rule such a population was a task of great danger as well as difficulty. By all accounts Avitabile was completely master of the situation. A very vivid picture of his character and administration is briefly sketched in a work of fiction, called "The Adventures in the Punjab," written forty years ago, when he still governed the border Province, by the late deeply-lamented Sir Henry Lawrence. He says:—

"The most lenient view that can be taken of General Avitabile is, to consider him as set in authority over savage animals—not as a ruler over reasonable beings—grinding down a race who bear the yoke with about as good a grace as a wild bull in a net, and who, catching their rulers for one moment asleep, would soon cease to be governed. But it is to his disgrace that he acts as a savage among savage men, instead of showing them that a Christian can wield the iron sceptre without staining it by needless cruelty or personal vice; without following some of the worst fashions of his worst neighbours. General Avitabile has added summary hangings to the native catalogue of punishments, and not a bad one either, when properly used; but the ostentation of adding two or three to the string suspended from his gibbets, on special days and festivals, added to a very evident habitual carelessness of life, leads one to fear that small pains are taken to distinguish between innocence and guilt; and that many a man, ignorant of the al-



leged crime, pays with his life the price of blood. For it is the General's system, when, as often happens, a Sikh, or any other of his own men, disappears at or near any village, in the Peshawur territory, to fine that village, or to make it give up the murderer or murderers. The latter is the *cheapest* plan; a victim or victims are given up, and justice is satisfied.

"Still General Avitabile has many of the attributes of a good ruler; he is bold, active, and intelligent, seeing everything with his own eyes, up early and late; he has, at the expense of his own character for humanity, by the terrors of his name, *saved* much life. Believed to fear neither man nor devil, he keeps down, by grim fear, what nothing else *would* keep down, the unruly spirits around him, who, if let slip, would riot in carnage. His severity may therefore be extenuated as the least of two evils; but no such palliation can be offered for gross sensuality and indecency, tending to degrade the very name of Christian in the sight of, perhaps, the very worst specimens of God's creatures among whom he dwells. Avitabile's whole system of morals is oriental, avowedly eschewing force, when artifice can gain the point, and looking on subjects as made to be squeezed. In person he is tall and stout, with bushy beard, whiskers and moustache, marked with the small-pox, and with a coarse and unprepossessing countenance, exhibiting at times the worst passions of man, but again lighted up into even a pleasing expression; of no education, but with strong natural sense and ability, he has acquired a good knowledge of Persian and of the Panjabi dialect. Strangely influencing those around him, and influenced by them, his history is a curious study, and when his own generation has passed away, will hardly be believed."

We were well aware, before we read this statement, that Avitabile ruled the Province with a rod of iron, and that he succeeded in cowing the wild tribes on both sides of the border by the promptitude of his measures of repression, and the unsparing severity with which he administered punishment. But we confess that all which we had heard of the unscrupulous and sanguinary character of the measures that he pursued to inspire terror falls far short of the truth as recently made known to us. We have now before us a photographed fac-simile of a Persian sunud or grant issued by Avitabile in the following terms:—

"By the grace of { Seal. } the Immortal Being.

Ameer ud Dow- { Seal. } lah Dilawar Jung.

Chevalier General Avitabile, Sahib Bahadur.

"At this time, the villages of Kari-Chandari and Shamsbu have been granted in Jägir to Kumer-ud-deen Khan, leader of Mussulman Cavalry of Peshawur, from 1st Asin 1897, on the following condition of service:—That each year he cut off and bring before the Sahib Bahadur the heads of fifty Afridi men. The revenue of the said villages is to be enjoyed by him from the Kharif crop of the year stated for his maintenance, and every one is strictly forbidden to interfere with his possession. This order is to be carried out. Whatever number of heads may, within the year, fall short of the prescribed number, a deduction of fifty rupees is to be made for each head by way of fine from the aforesaid individual. At his request, a grant of this Jäger has been made in writing, with the two stipulations cited.

"Given at Peshawur on the 4th Magh, 1897."

No comment that we could offer upon this document could come up to its naked atrocity. We are not without misgivings, however, that the British Government has erred in the opposite extreme, by attempting to repress the outrages of tribes so fierce and reckless as those who ply their trade of rapine and bloodshed upon that wild border, by gentle means. In such a case, the stern and unsparing administration of retributive justice is the truest humanity.

To return to the state of things which we have briefly described—the feebleness of the Sikh forces at one period, and their extraordinary prowess at another, ought to convey an important moral for our reflection and guidance. In the case of the Sikh soldiery we see exhibited the two extremes of the utter want, and of a high degree of discipline. The men whom it cost Thomas and Perron so little trouble to defeat with troops of no very high quality, were every whit as personally brave as those who maintained such a desperate and for a long time almost equal conflict against English soldiers at Sobraon and Chillianwalla. There was but the one difference between the Sikhs of the two eras.

Yet the vast importance of this difference is altogether ignored by those who talk and write as if soldiers fit to cope with troops, whether English or native, led and disciplined by British officers, could be raised up on the spur of the moment, like the armed men who sprang of old from the dragon's teeth, to wrest from us the empire of India. They are well aware how essential discipline is to the efficiency of our own troops, but they seem to think that those troops might be defeated unless they were very strong in numbers, and our power thereby placed in jeopardy, by



the wild tribes of the jungles, by Ryots from the ploughtail, or by the rabble of the great cities of India, converted into soldiers at the shortest possible notice. No doubt our army in India bears a very low numerical proportion to the population. No doubt there are peoples within its limits who at different times and under favourable circumstances, such as the drills of De Boigne and Perron, have been trained into fair soldiers. But we must bear in mind with whom they had to fight—men in some cases less brave, and in others with far less discipline, than themselves. Since Clive routed thousands at Plassy with the merest handful of good soldiers, down to the present day, the people of India, other than men trained (like the troops that faced Lord Lake at Laswaree, or those who gave Lord Gough so much

trouble at Sobraon,) to rely each on his right and left hand comrades, to stand ready under fire, and to change their ground without breaking their ranks or falling into confusion, have never caused us the least serious anxiety. The history of the European adventurers in India demonstrates that even with their assistance the native forces have never been able to resist the firm ascendancy of the British Government, and without it they were altogether powerless. Yet circumstances were in those days much more favourable to the growth of independent military power among the native States. No such European adventurers, and no such armies as they once raised and commanded, could now arise in India; and the dangers which formerly threatened from that quarter may be said to have disappeared altogether.

SOCIAL advantages are of very different kinds; but the abuse of each kind is very similar. These advantages are wealth, rank, health, and all the forms of intellectual preeminence, such as the power of acquisition applied to knowledge, wit, sarcasm, and logical acumen. There is just as much vulgarity and tyranny in the abuse of any one of these advantages as of the others. For example, I have seen as much cruelty (I use the word advisedly) and as much vulgarity in the abuse of some of these intellectual powers as in the abuse of riches and of rank. A man may be as oppressive and as unkind to his fellow-creatures by making a bad use of his intellectual gifts, as of his gifts of fortune, or of rank. He may be intellectual-proud, as well as purse-proud; and I hardly know which is the worse of the two.

Nay, more, a man who is so disposed, may make a cruel and vulgar use of disadvantages. I have known people brandish their poverty before your face, until you felt ashamed of even the most reasonable use of riches.

In thinking out this matter you will come to the conclusion, that an ill-disposed person can make a most ungenerous use of any differences which exist between his own condition and that of his fellow-creatures. Those philosophers have uniformly done great service to mankind, who have devoted themselves to showing the inherent likeness that there is between man and man, and who have sought to ignore, or at least to depress and make light, all the differences which exist from social condition, from education, or from original intellectual superi-

ority. They are those who have demonstrated the solidarity that exists throughout the whole human race. They are the choicest of mankind; for, being placed upon something of a height, they perceive the smallness of the difference between the men below them; and the true modesty which always accompanies greatness makes them appreciate the fact that there is but little difference between themselves and all of those who are beneath them.

Arthur Helps.

MANY of what we call possessions are punishments; but never is there so close and sure a union of punishment with possession as that which falls upon the possessor of usurped power. We need not ransack the records of history to prove this. In daily and domestic life most telling instances may be seen. In any household, if there are usurped functions, they will be badly employed; and they always injure the character of the usurper.

It is not that usurpation implies tyranny (that is the sort of statement put in the preambles of Acts of Parliament when the usurper is overthrown); but usurpation has inevitable errors and weaknesses of its own which may not include tyranny. In short, instead of governing, which is difficult enough, much effort has to be continuously made to maintain and justify the usurpation. This applies to families no less than to states.

Arthur Helps.

## CHAPTER XIII.

LADY DUNSMORE was a shrewd and far-seeing woman. She responded with the utmost civility to all Miss Bertha Rivers's advances, and planned no end of gayeties for her and Hannah, from which the Rivers family might plainly see — and she meant them to see — that she desired her friend Miss Thelluson's visit to be made as pleasant as possible.

But fate and Hannah's own will stood in the way. Adeline declined more rapidly than any one expected; and it soon became evident that she was never likely to quit those dull lodgings in Harley Street, except to be taken back to Easterham in the one peaceful way — as, however far off they died, it had always been the custom to carry home all the Riverses. Even Adeline herself seemed to understand this.

"I don't want to stir from here; it is too much trouble," she said one day to Hannah, now daily beside her. "But, afterward, tell them they may take me home. Not to the Grange — that never was home — but to the Moat House. Let them have me one night in the drawing-room there before they put me under the daisies. And let Bernard read the service over me. And — you may tell him and them all that I was not sorry to die — I did not mind it — I felt so tired!"

Nevertheless

"On some fond breast the parting soul relies; "

and that breast was, for Adeline, not her husband's, but Hannah's. Of any one else's nursing she testified such impatience — perhaps feeling instinctively that it was given more out of duty than love — that gradually both Mr. Melville and Bertha let her have her own way. Things ended in Miss Thelluson's spending most of her time, not in the Dunsmores' lively mansion, but in that dull drawing-room, from whence, except to her bedroom, Adeline was never moved.

"Do stay with her as much as you can," entreated Bernard, who ran up for a day to London as often as he could, but who still saw no more than brothers usually see — the mere outside of his sister's life. He knew she was doomed; but then the doctors had said Adeline was consumptive, and not likely to live to be old. "And she has had a happy life, married to a good fellow whom she was always fond of. Poor Adeline! And she has grown so much attached to you, Hannah. She says you are such a comfort to her!"

"I think I have rather a faculty for com-

forting sick people: perhaps because doing so comforts me."

But Hannah did not say — where was the use of saying? — that this comfort was to her not unneeded. The uncertainty of her present position; the daily self-suppression it entailed; nay, the daily hypocrisy — or what to her honest nature felt like such — were so painful that sometimes when Bernard appeared she did not know whether she were glad or sorry to see him. But everybody else — even to the Dunsmores — seemed heartily glad. And no one seemed to have the slightest suspicion of any bond between Rosie's aunt and Rosie's father except little Rosie. Sometimes this was to her a relief — sometimes an inexpressible pain.

"Good-bye, and God bless you for all your goodness to my sister," said Bernard one Saturday as he was going back to Easterham. "They will bless you one of these days," added he, tenderly — all he could say, for he and she were not alone. They seldom were alone now. Opportunities were so difficult to make; and when made, the fear of being broken in upon in their *tête-à-têtes* caused them to feel awkward and uncomfortable — at least Hannah did.

"Good-bye," she responded, with a sad, inward smile at the phrase "one of these days." Did it mean when they should be married? But the day might never come, or come when they were quite elderly people, and hope deferred had drained their hearts dry of all but the merest dregs of love. And the picture of the woman who might have been Bernard's wife happy and honored, accepted by his family, welcomed by his neighbours, reigning joyfully at the House on the Hill, and finally succeeding to the Moat House, to be there all that a Lady Rivers should be — presented itself bitterly to Hannah's imagination. She had taken from him the chance of all this, and more, and given him in return — what? A poor, weary heart, which, though it was bursting with love, could not utter more than that cold "good-bye."

But when she had said it and returned to Adeline's bedside Hannah forgot the troubles of life in the solemnity of fast-advancing death.

"It is hard Bernard is obliged to go," the sick girl said, pitifully. "He likes to sit with me a little, I can see that. They do not, and therefore I don't want to have them. Besides, I can't have one of them without having both; and I won't have both. Nobody could expect it."

"No," said Hannah, feeling sorrowfully

that it was useless to argue against what had grown almost into a monomania, though the poor sick girl had still self-control enough not to betray herself, except in incidental, half-intelligible words like these. Better leave it thus, and let her sorrow die with her—one of the heart-wounds which nobody avenges; one of the thefts for which nobody is punished.

At length, just in the middle of the London season, when, one summer morning, Mayfair lay in the passing lull between the closing of operas and theatres, and the breaking up of late balls, a cab thundered up to the Earl of Dunsmore's door. It was Mr. Melville coming to fetch Miss Thelluson to his wife. She was dying.

And then Hannah found out that the young man had some feeling. Full of strength and health himself, he had never really believed in Adeline's illness, still less her approaching death, till now, and it came upon him with a shock indescribable. Overwhelmed with grief, and something not unlike remorse, during the twelve hours she still lingered he never quitted her side. Careless as he had been to his living wife, to a wife really dying he was the tenderest husband in the world. So much so that she once turned to Hannah with a piteous face:

"Oh, if this could only last! Couldn't you make me well again?"

But she could not be made well again; and it might not have lasted, this late happiness which gave her peace in dying. Poor Adeline! it was better to die! And when Hannah watched the big fellow, now utterly subdued by the emotion of the hour, insist upon feeding his wife with every mouthful of her last food as tenderly as if she were a baby—sit supporting her on the bed, motionless for hours, till his limbs were all cramped and stiff—sadder than ever seemed the blind folly, perhaps begun in a mistake on both sides, which had ended in letting a poor heart first starve for love, and then grow poisoned with a nameless jealousy, until between the hunger and the poison it died.

For Adeline did die; but her death was peaceful, and it was in her husband's arms.

"He is fond of me, after all, you see," she whispered to Hannah in one of Herbert's momentary absences. "It was very foolish of me to be so jealous of Bertha. Perhaps I should not, had it been a thing I could have spoken about. And don't speak of it now, please. Only, if he ever wants to do as his father did, and the law

will allow it, tell him he may as well marry Bertha as any body: I shall not mind."

But to Bertina herself, although she kissed her in token of amity and farewell, Adeline said not a word. The secret wound, vainly plastered over, seemed to bleed even though she was dying.

Her end had come so suddenly at last that no one from Easterham had been sent for; and when Bernard arrived next morning at his accustomed hour, it was to find a shut-up house, and his sister "away." Then, in the shock of his first grief, Hannah found out, as she had never done before, how close, even with all their faults, was the tie which bound him to his own people. It touched her deeply; it made her love him better, and honor him more; and yet it frightened her. For there might come a time when he had to choose, deliberately and decisively, between the love of kindred and the love of her; and she foresaw now more clearly than ever how hard the struggle would be.

In the absorption of her close attendance upon Adeline she had heard little of what was going on in the outside world. Even "the bill"—the constant subject of discussion at Dunsmore House—had faded out of her mind, till such phrases as "read the first time," "read the second time," "very satisfactory majority," and so on, met her ear. Once they would have been mere meaningless forms of speech, now she listened intently, and tried hard to understand. She did understand so far as to learn that there was every probability this session of the bill's passing the Commons, and being carried up to the House of Lords, where, upon a certain night, a certain number of noblemen, some biased one way or other, by party motives, and a proportion voting quite carelessly, without any strong feeling at all in the matter, would decide her happiness and Bernard's for life.

It was a crisis so hard, a suspense so terrible, that perhaps it was as well this grief came to dull it a little. Not entirely. Even amidst his sorrow for his sister, Hannah could detect a nervous restlessness in Mr. Rivers's every movement; and every day, too, he sought eagerly for the newspaper, and often his hands actually trembled as he took it up, and turned at once to the parliamentary notices. But he never said one word to Hannah, nor she to him; indeed, this time they were never alone at all.

Adeline was to be buried at home, and Mr. Melville begged that Hannah would accompany Bertha, and take her place,

with his wife's sisters and his own, at the funeral. Lady Rivers, in a note, asked the same, adding a cordial invitation that she should stay at the Moat House. Hannah looked at Bernard.

"Yes, go," he said; "I wish it. They are very grateful to you for your goodness to her. And I want you," he continued, in a low tone, "to try to be one of us — which you may be before very long."

This was all; but Hannah felt forced to obey, even though it cost her the first parting from her child. Only a three days' parting, however, and Bernard seemed so glad that she should go.

She, too, as she sat with the other three mourners — one in each corner of the silent railway carriage — and watched the soft rain falling on the fields and reddening hedges, under which, here and there, appeared a dot of yellow, an early primrose, she was conscious in her heart of a throb of hope responding to the pulses of the spring; and once, suddenly looking up at Bernard, she fancied he felt it too. It was nature, human nature; and human passion, suppressed but never crushed, waking out of its long sleep, and crying unto God to bless it with a little happiness, even as he blesses the reviving earth with the beauty of the spring.

Miss Thelluson's welcome at the Moat House, mournful as it was, was kind; for they had all been touched by her kindness to the dead, and sorrow strikes the tenderest chord in every heart. She had never liked Bernard's people so well, or been drawn to them so much, as during that quiet evening when poor Adeline's coffin rested a night under the Moat House roof, or the day after, when, with all the family, she followed it to its last resting-place.

It was a curious sensation. To stand as one of them — these Riverseas, whom she loved not, at best merely liked — well aware how little they had ever liked her, and how ignorant they were of the tie which bound her to them. Guiltless as she knew herself to be, she was not without a painful feeling of deception, that jarred terribly upon her proud and candid spirit. She scarcely said a word to Bernard, until he whispered, "Do speak to me now and then, or they will think it so strange." But even then her words were formal and few.

She had meant to leave on the third day, for she yearned to be back with her darling; but fate came between. Sir Austin, long an invalid, and almost a nonentity in the family, passed, the night

after his daughter's funeral, suddenly and unawares, into the silent dignity of death. When Hannah came down next morning it was to find the Moat House plunged once more into that decent, decorous affliction which was all that could be expected of them under the circumstances.

They begged her to stay a little longer, and she staid. There was a good deal to be done, and the ladies soon found out how well Miss Thelluson could do it. Also, not being a relative, she could see the visitors, and retail to the family the widespread sympathy expressed for it at Easterham, and for many miles round. "You are such a comfort to us," they said; and Bernard, whom his father's death seemed to affect more deeply than Hannah had expected, said, in his entreating eyes, "You are such a comfort to me." So what could she do but stay?

A few days more, and the Rivers vault was again opened; and Miss Thelluson stood beside it, with all the Rivers family except the new Sir Austin, of whom nobody spoke except the Easterham lawyer, who lamented confidentially to Hannah that Mr. Rivers should be kept out of his title, though it could not be for more than a few years. The hapless elder brother, whose mind grew weaker and weaker every day, though his body was strong enough, might at any time have some fit that would carry him off, and prevent his being an incumbrance longer.

"And then," whispered the lawyer, "Mr. Rivers will be Sir Bernard; and what a fine position he will hold! — one of the finest in the county. What a pity he has no heir! — only an heiress. But of course he will now marry immediately. Indeed, he owes it to his family."

Hannah listened, as she was now learning to listen — teaching her poor, mobile, conscious face the hardness of marble: her heart, too, if possible; for these torments, so far from lessening, would increase day by day. How should she ever bear them? She sometimes did not know.

The family had just come out of the study, where the will had been read, and were settling down to that strange quiet evening known in most households, when the dead having been taken away and buried out of sight, the living, with an awful sense of relief as well as of loss, try to return to their old ways — eat, drink, and talk as usual. But it was in vain; and after a silent dinner Bernard went back to the examination of papers in the study. Thence he presently sent a

message for help. "I suppose that means Miss Thelluson," said Bertha with a half laugh, which Lady Rivers gravely extinguished.

"Go, my dear. I dare say your brother-in-law finds you more useful to him than any one else." So Hannah went.

Bernard was sitting—his head in his hands. It was a white, woe-begone face that he lifted up to Hannah.

"Thank you for coming. I thought perhaps you might. I wanted comfort."

Hannah said a few commonplace but gentle words.

"Oh no, it is not that. I am not sorry my poor old father is away. It was his time to go. And for me, there will be one less to fight against, one less to wound."

He said the latter words half inaudibly—evidently not meaning her to hear; but she did, at least some of them. A wild, bitter answer came to her lips, but this was not the time to utter it. She merely replied by an offer of help, and sat down to fulfil it. He showed her what to do, and they went on working silently together for nearly half an hour.

But the extremes of human emotion are not so far apart as they seem. Keen and real as the young man's grief was, he was a young man still, and when the woman he loved sat beside him, with her sweet, grave look, and her calm, still manner, another passion than grief began to stir within him.

"Hannah," he cried, seizing her hand, "are you happy or miserable—as I am? or, which seems most likely, have you no feeling at all?"

She looked up. It was not a face of stone.

"Put your work away—what does it matter? Talk to me, Hannah. Think how long it is since you and I have had a quiet word together."

"Can I help that?"

"No—nor I. We are both of us victims—tied and bound victims in the hands of fate. Sometimes I think she will get the better of us, and we shall both perish miserably."

"That is a very melancholy view to take of things," said Hannah, half smiling. "Let us hope it is not quite true."

"My bright, brave-hearted woman! If I had you always beside me, I should not go down. It is being alone that sinks a man to despair. Still, suspense is very hard."

And then he told her what she had not been before aware of—that the bill had safely passed the House of Commons;

that Lord Dunsmore and other peers, a rather strong party, hoped even in the House of Lords, which had hitherto always thrown it out, to get this year a sufficient majority to carry it through and make it the law of the land.

"And then, Hannah, we can be married—married immediately."

He gasped rather than uttered the words. Passion resisted had conquered him with double force.

"But—your own people?"

"They like you now—appreciate you, even as Lady Dunsmore does." (He did not see, and Hannah had not the heart to suggest, that perhaps it was in consequence of that appreciation.) "Besides, whether or not, they must consent. They can not go against me. My father has left every thing in my hands. I am, to all intents and purposes, the head of the family. It is that which makes me so anxious. Should the bill not pass—But it shall pass!" he cried, impetuously, "and then no power on earth shall prevent me from marrying the woman I choose—and that is you!"

"Strange, strange!" murmured Hannah, half to herself, and dropped her conscious face, and felt more like a girl than she had done for many years. For she had no duties to think of; her child was away, there was only her lover beside her. Her lover, wooing her with a reality of love, a persistent earnestness, that no woman could either question or mistake.

"You are not quite colorless, I see, my white lily. You will not always shrink back when I want to take you to my heart? You will creep in there some day, and make it feel warm again, instead of cold and empty and lonely, as it is now. Hannah, how soon, supposing the bill passes this month—how soon will you let me marry you?"

They were standing together by the fire, and Bernard had just put his arm round her. She turned toward him; she could not help it; it was so sweet to be thus loved. Hand in hand and eye to eye they stood for the moment, yielding to present joy and future hope, absorbed in one another, thinking of nothing beyond themselves, seeing and hearing nothing—when the door opened, and Lady Rivers stood right in front of them.

"Good Heavens!" she exclaimed, and started back as if she had trod on a snake.

They started back too—these guilty-innocent lovers. Instinctively they separated from one another; and then Bernard recovered himself.



Vexatious as the crisis was—though he looked as if he would have cut off his hand rather than have had it happen—still, now that it had happened, he was too much of a man not to meet it, too much of a gentleman not to know how to meet it decorously. He moved back again to Hannah's side and took her hand.

"Well, Lady Rivers, had you anything to say to me?"

"Well, Bernard Rivers, and what have you to say for yourself? And what has this—this young woman—to say for herself, I should like to know?"

"If you mean Miss Thelluson, her answer is as brief as my own must be. It is now many months since she promised to be my wife as soon as our marriage can be lawfully carried out. In the meantime we are friends—close friends; and, as you may have observed, we also consider ourselves engaged lovers.—Hannah, do not distress yourself; there is no need."

And in the face of his step-mother he put his protecting arm round her—she was trembling violently—and drew her head on his shoulder.

There are some people whom to master you must take by storm. Hold your own, and they will let you have it; perhaps even respect you the more; but show the slightest symptom of weakness, and they will trample you into the dust. Bernard knew perfectly well with whom he had to deal, and took his measures accordingly.

Lady Rivers, utterly astounded, less perhaps by the fact itself than by the cool way in which Bernard had taken its discovery, simply stood and stared.

"I never knew any thing so dreadful; never in all my life. Excuse my intrusion. The only thing I can do is to leave you immediately."

She turned and quitted the room, shutting the door after her. Then, left alone with him, Hannah sobbed out her bitter humiliation upon Bernard's breast.

He comforted her as well as he could, saying that this must have happened some day; perhaps it was as well it should happen now; and that he did not much care. Still it was evident he did care; that he was considerably annoyed.

"Of course it increases our perplexities much; for our secret is no longer our own. In her wrath and indignation she will blab it out to the whole community, unless, indeed, family pride ties her tongue. But, anyhow, we can not help ourselves; we must brave it out. Come with me, Hannah."

"Where?"

"Into the next room, to face them all and tell the exact truth. Otherwise we may be overburdened with any quantity of lies. Come, my dear one. You are not afraid?"

"No." She had had all along a vague doubt that when it came to the point he would be ashamed of her and of his love for her. To find that he was not gave Hannah such comfort that she felt as if she could have walked barefoot over red-hot plow-shares, like some slandered woman of the Middle Ages, if only she might find at the end of her terrible march Bernard's face looking at her as it looked now.

"Yes," she said, "I will come with you at once; for what is told must be told quickly. I can not stay another night in this house."

"You must, I fear," answered Bernard, gently. "Where would you go to? Not to mine?"

"Oh no, no; I can never go to your house any more."

And the cruel penalties of their position, the chains which bound them on all sides, began to be felt by both in a manner neither had ever felt before. To Hannah it seemed as if she were actually treading between those fiery plow-shares, and she could not have steadied her steps but for Bernard's supporting hand.

She held to him, literally with the clinging grasp of a child, as they passed across the hall to where, in the fine old drawing-room, like a conclave of the Inquisition, the whole family were assembled.

Lady Rivers had evidently been explaining what she had just heard and seen. Astonishment was upon every face, and but for one accidental circumstance—the presence of Herbert Melville—there might have been a stronger feeling yet. But indecorum being the greatest dread, and prudence the principal characteristic, of the Rivereses, they were obliged to restrain their wrath within the natural limits of an offended family which has just discovered that one of its members has made a matrimonial engagement without telling them any thing about it. Even Lady Rivers, with her widowed son-in-law standing by, was forced more than once to pause and alter her form of speech, dilating more on the wicked secrecy with which Bernard had planned his marriage than the sort of marriage he was about to make.

When the two culprits walked in, looking agitated enough, but still not exactly like culprits, she stopped.

"Let them speak for themselves, if they



have the face to do it," cried she, dropping down in her chair, exhausted with vituperation. And then his sisters rushed to Bernard—some angry, some in tears—asking him how he could ever think of doing such a dreadful thing; with his father not yet cold in his grave—their poor, poor father, who would have shuddered at the thought of such a marriage.

It was a hard strait for a man to be in. That he felt it as acutely as so tender a heart could possibly feel was plain. He turned deadly pale; but still he never let go of Hannah's hand. She—for a moment she thought of breaking from him, and flying out of the house—any where—to the world's end—that she might save him from her and her fatal love. Then a wise resolution came—the determination, since he had chosen her, to stand by him to the last. By her child, too, for one implied both. Thinking of little Rosie, she was strong again, for no sense of guilt enfeebled her; all she was conscious of was misery—pure misery; and that was at least bearable. She sat down in the chair where Bernard had placed her, still holding him fast by the hand; the only being she had to hold to in the wide world now.

"Sisters," said he at last, speaking very quietly, but as firmly as he could, "what your mother has just found out I intended to have kept back from you till the law made my marriage possible. I knew how you would feel about it—as I felt myself once; but people's minds change."

"So it appears," said Lady Rivers, with a loud sneer. "Especially after living in the same house together—for months and months."

"Especially after living in the same house together, as you say," repeated Bernard, deliberately, though his cheeks flamed furiously. "Living in a relation close enough to give us every opportunity of finding out one another's character, and of wishing the tie should be made closer still. I did not love her at first; not for a long time; but once loving her, I love her forever. What I do, I beg you all to understand, is done not hastily, but deliberately. Long before I ever said a word otherwise than brotherly to Miss Thelluson, or she had any suspicion of what my feelings were, my mind was made up. I shall marry her if I can, believing that, both for my own sake and my child's, it is the wisest second marriage I could make—and the most natural."

"Marry her! after living together as brother and sister—or whatever you choose to call it," cried Mrs. Morecamb.

"Thomas dear, did you ever hear of anything so shocking—so improper?"

"The law did not hold it improper," answered Bernard, in extreme irritation. "And, as I tell you, at first we had no idea of such a thing. It came upon me unawares. The law should not have placed me in such a position. But it will be broken soon, I trust. And until then you may all rest satisfied; Miss Thelluson will never again enter my house until she enters it as my wife. Then, sisters, whether you like her or not, you must pay her the respect due to a brother's wife, or else I am your brother no longer."

He had taken a high tone—it was wisest; but now he broke down a little. In that familiar home, with the familiar faces round him; two out of them just missing, and forever, it was hard to go against them all. And when—the gentlemen having prudently stepped out of the room—the women began sobbing and crying, lamenting over the terrible misfortune which had fallen on the family, things went very sore against Bernard.

"And supposing the bill you talk of does not pass, and you can not carry out this most unnatural, most indecent marriage," said Lady Rivers, "may I ask what you mean to do? To go abroad and get married there, as I hear some people do? though afterward, of course, they are never received in society again. Or, since ladies who can do such unlady-like things must have very easy consciences, perhaps Miss Thelluson will excuse your omitting the ceremony altogether."

Bernard sprang up furious. "If you had not been my father's wife, and my father only this day buried, you and I should never have exchanged another word as long as I lived. As it is, Lady Rivers, say one word more—one word against her—and you will find out how a man feels who sees the woman he loves insulted, even by his own relations. Sisters!"—he turned to them almost entreatingly, as if in his natural flesh and blood he might hope to find some sympathy—"sisters, just hear me."

But they all turned away including Bertha, whom poor Adeline had judged rightly as a mere coquette, and who evidently was not at all anxious that brothers-in-law, however convenient to flirt with, should be allowed to marry their deceased wives' sisters. She stood aloof, a pattern of propriety, beside the rest; and even made some sharp, ill-natured remark concerning Hannah, which Hannah heard, and lifted up reproachful eyes to

the women whom she had been helping and comforting, and feeling affectionately to, all the week, but who now held themselves apart from her, as if she had been the wickedest creature living.

"You, know that is untrue, Bertha. I was perfectly sincere in every word I uttered; but, as Mr. Rivers says, people's feelings change. I did not care for him in the least then—but I do now. And if he holds fast by me, I will hold fast by him in spite of you all."

Slowly, even mournfully, she said this; less like a confession of love than a confession of faith—the troth-plight which, being a righteous one, no human being has a right to break. They stood together—these two, terribly sad and painfully agitated, but still firm in their united strength—stood and faced their enemies.

For enemies, the bitterest any man can have—those of his own household—undoubtedly Bernard's sisters and their mother now were. It seemed hardly credible that this was the same family who, only a few hours ago, had wept together over the same open grave, and comforted one another in the same house of mourning. Now out of that house all solemnity, all tenderness had departed, and it became a house full of rancour, heart-burning, and strife.

Long the battle raged, and it was a very sore one. A family fight always must be. The combatants know so well each other's weak points. They can plant arrows between the joints of the armor, and inflict wounds from behind; wounds which take years to heal—if ever healed at all. Hannah could hardly have believed that any persons really attached to one another, as these were, could have said to one another so many bitter things within so short a time; such untrue things also, or such startling travesties of truth; such alterations of facts and misinterpretations of motives that she sometimes stood aghast and wondered if she had not altogether deceived herself as to right and wrong; and whether she were not the erring wretch they made her out to be. Only her—not him; they loved him; evidently they looked upon him as the innocent victim to her arts—the fly in the spider's web, glad of any generous kindred hand that would come and tear it down, and set him free. Unfortunate Bernard!

He bore it all for a good while—not, perhaps, seeing the whole drift of their arguments—till some chance speech opened his eyes. Then his man's pride

rose up at once. He walked across the hearth, and once more took hold of Hannah's hand.

"You may say what you like about me; but if you say one word against her here, you shall repent it all your lives. Now this must end. I have heard all you have to say, and answered it. Sisters, look here. You may talk as much as you like, seeing you are my sisters, for ten minutes more"—and he laid his watch on the table, with that curious mixture of authority and good-humour which used to make them say Bernard could do any thing with any body. "After that you must stop. Every man's patience has its limits. I am the head of the house, and can marry whomsoever I choose; and I choose to marry Miss Thelluson, if I have to wait years and years. So, girls, you may as well make up your minds to it. Otherwise, when she is Lady Rivers—as one day she may be—you would find it a little awkward."

He half smiled as he spoke; perhaps he knew them well enough to feel sure that the practical rather than the sentimental side was the safest to take them on; perhaps, also, he felt that a smile was better than a furious word or a tear—and both were not far off, for his heart was tender as well as wroth; but the plan answered.

Lady Rivers gave the signal to retire. "For this night, Miss Thelluson, I suppose you will be glad to accept the shelter of our roof; but perhaps you may find it not inconvenient to leave us to-morrow. Until that desirable event, which Bernard seems so sure of, does take place, you will see at once that, with my unmarried daughters still under my charge—"

"It will be impossible for you to keep up any acquaintance with me," continued Hannah, calmly. "I quite understand. This good-night will be a permanent good-bye to you all."

Lady Rivers bowed. But she was a prudent woman. It was a perfectly polite bow—as of a lady who was acting not so much of her own volition as from the painful pressure of circumstances.

Hannah rose, and tried to stand without shaking. Her heart was very full. The sense of shame or disgrace was not there—how could it be, with her conscience clear, and Bernard beside her?—but bitter regret was. She had been with his people so much of late that sorrow had drawn them closer to her than she had ever believed possible. Likewise they were his people, and she still tried to believe in the proverb that "blood is thicker than water."

"I have done you no harm — not one of you," she said, almost appealingly. "Nor your brother either. I only loved him. If we are ever married, I shall devote my life to him; if not, it is I that shall suffer. In any case, my life is sad enough. Do not be hard upon me, you that are all so happy."

And she half extended her hand.

But no one took it. Neither mother nor sisters gave one kind word to this motherless, sisterless woman, whom they knew perfectly well had done nothing wrong — only something foolish. But the foolishness of this world is sometimes higher than its wisdom.

"Good-night," said Bernard; "good-night, my dearest. You will find me waiting at the railway at eight o'clock to-morrow morning to take you direct to Lady Dunsmore's."

With a chivalric tenderness worthy of his old crusading ancestors — those good knights, pledged to Heaven to succor the distressed — he took Hannah by the rejected hand, kissed it before them all, led her to the door, and, closing it upon her, went back to his mother and sisters.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

It was the dreariest of wet March mornings, more like winter than spring, when they met at the station — those two whom, if all the eyes of Easterham had been on them, no one would ever have taken for lovers, so grave, so sad, so silent were they. The only attention Bernard paid to her was the common courtesy of any gentleman to a lady — any kind-hearted man to a suffering woman. For that Hannah did suffer was plain. To rise in the dull dawn of the morning, to breakfast alone, and steal away, unnoticed and uncared for by any member of the family, was outward humiliation enough; but it was nothing to the inward pain. No wonder that her eyes were heavy and sleepless, her face deadly white, and that even the village doctor, whom they met on the platform, noticed how very ill Miss Thelluson was looking.

"Yes; she was my sister's constant nurse, and has been helping us here through all our trouble," said Bernard, hastily. "She is very much worn out, and I am glad to be taking her back at once to her friend Lady Dunsmore."

Hannah recognized the prudence, and was grateful. Yet still that there should be this vital need for prudence, for circumspection, for worldly wisdom, was itself a kind of mute disgrace.

The doctor traveled up with them to London; so they had not one word together, Bernard and she, till they found themselves alone in the cab. Then he seized her hand.

"We have but five minutes, my love. Always my love! Remember that; and for my sake forgive all."

"I have nothing to forgive. Thinking as they do, they could scarcely act otherwise than as they do. But oh! it is hard. I was growing so fond of Easterham — of them too. And now I shall never see the Moat House or them again."

"Do not be too sure of that," said Bernard, passionately. "You may be back again ere many weeks. Back — in a character in which they must receive you."

And then he explained how he had seen in the day's newspapers that the bill was to be brought up to the House of Lords for the second reading that very night.

"The critical night. Lord Dunsmore has been expecting it for long. There will be a debate; still I know he hoped for a majority — small, indeed, but enough to carry it through; enough to save us. Oh, Hannah, if it were right to pray for such a thing — such a common, secular thing as a few votes more or less in Parliament — I, a clergyman, too."

He laughed, but his eye glittered with excitement. Hannah was almost frightened when she looked at him.

"I am glad the suspense will be ended to-night," he continued. "You see the trial is harder for me than for most; though, I believe, by Lord Dunsmore's account, that there are hundreds of men in England in my position — waiting till the bill shall pass. But then, I am a 'city set on a hill,' like my house, as you used to say to me — a clergyman contemplating an act which is directly contrary to the canon-law, and in which my very bishop, I understand, is dead against me. I shall be excommunicated, of course — that is, suspended — except, bye-the-bye, if my marriage ever takes place, it will be according to law; and then, whatever he thinks, the bishop can not suspend me. Oh, we care quite as much for the law as the Gospel, we clergymen!"

And he laughed again, and still continued rapidly talking in a way very unusual with him. Evidently the trial was becoming past his endurance; and now that there was added the home-warfare — to which he never referred — things would be worse still. Suffering, they say, often changes a woman into an angel; but it is not so with men — generally quite the

contrary. Hannah was so grieved that she hardly answered a word till they reached their destination.

"Stop a minute!" Bernard said. "I had intended to leave you here, and go—"

"Where?"

"Any where; it does not matter. But I cannot do it. Oh, Hannah, keep me beside you! I am good then. Could you not invent some nice little falsehood for my staying?"

"Does it need a falsehood to excuse a father's coming to see his own child?" said Hannah gravely.

"The child—always the child!" he cried. "You care for nobody else. I do believe you are marrying me—if ever we are married—solely for the sake of the child."

Hannah paused a minute before she answered. His conversation was not exactly true, yet there was some truth in it; and to deny truth is always dangerous. She laid her hand on his very tenderly—the tenderness of a love so baptized in sorrow that almost all earthly passion had been washed out of it.

"Bernard, if what you say were true—I do not allow that it is—but if it were, would it be a wicked thing? Would Rosie's mother, or need Rosie's father, be angry with me for it?"

"No, no!" And for the hundredth time, looking at the saintly patience of her face—a face in which, besides love, were written grief, and loss, and resignation—he learned patience too.

Lady Dunsmore had gone out, and might not be home till dinner-time; but had left a note for Miss Thelluson, in case she returned to-day, which the countess seemed to have expected.

"Why? Does she guess any thing, do you suppose?"

"Everything, I believe," said Hannah. "But she has never breathed one syllable to me, and never will."

"Good, wise, generous woman! We must tell her all to-morrow."

But Hannah only sighed. She had little faith in "to-morrow." People whose lives have been very sunless gradually cease to believe in the sun.

It was a long, long day. They could hardly have got through it but for the child, who with her little imperative queenliness put aside both past and future, and compelled them to live in the present. Desperately in love as he was, Mr. Rivers had a father's heart, and the mother-heart in Hannah kept it alive. Also, after the domestic storms of the Moat House, there

was something in the innocent peace of the baby-life—so absorbed in little things—which soothed them both. Men might have laughed, but angels would have smiled to see these two forlorn lovers, who dared not show their love, to whom one another's presence was always a painful restraint—often an actual dread—comforting one another a little in their mutual love of the child.

Lady Dunsmore smiled too when she saw them building houses of cards for Rosie on the nursery floor, and then blowing them down with the solemnest of faces; but after the smile she turned away with a tear. She had a heart—this brilliant little woman of the world.

Kissing Hannah, she said a few words of gentle condolence to Mr. Rivers.

"I did not wonder that Miss Thelluson was kept at the Moat House, she is such a help to every body in trouble; but I am glad you have brought her back now, and glad you have come to see your little girl. She would have forgotten papa soon. You will stay and dine? We have no guests, for Lord Dunsmore will be at the House. He speaks to-night, if the Marriage Bill comes on for the second reading, as we expect it will."

Bernard made some brief assent.

"See what it is to be a politician's wife," said the countess, turning to Hannah. "All this forenoon I have been acting as amateur whipper-in to get votes for our side. Lord Dunsmore is desperately anxious about it, but very hopeful of the result. He will come straight home with the news; so I shall be most grateful of your company, Mr. Rivers, to congratulate my husband if he wins—to condole if he fails. But as I said to my thane this morning, when I counseled him to go and murder, not King Law, but the tyrant Injustice—"

"Screw your courage to the sticking-place, And we'll not fail."

She put the matter thus, with her consummate tact, and delicate kindness, chattering gayly on, and not waiting for any body to answer. And all day she kept them up with her gay, witty, continuous talk—a perpetual fountain of prettiness—never by word or look betraying that she guessed any thing, that any body had any anxiety except herself, for the result which this day must bring.

At dinner they were only three; but in the evening one or two people dropped in. Lord Dunsmore's house was always a sort

of rendezvous to discuss what was going on in the House, especially when there was pending such a question as this, in which he was known to be strongly interested. His wife, too—her enemies called her a female politician; but even they acknowledged that she pursued her unfeminine *métier* in a most womanly way, and that it was chiefly for her lord's sake, in whose projects she joined heart and mind and soul.

"No," she said, when all the comers and goers had left, and she sat waiting for Lord Dunsmore's return, trying in every way to make the time slip by for those other two, to whom she talked fast, but scarcely looked at them—"no; I hate the word party; I despise heartily those politicians who dare not think for themselves, but must vote as their leader bids them, just as much as I despise those feeble legislators who, as in this case, are afraid to do good lest evil might come—to break a bad law, lest good laws might some day be broken. If I were a man, the only question I should ever ask myself would be—is this right or wrong? That once clear, I would risk the rest."

"Would you?" cried Bernard, leaning forward, strongly excited. He had looked very ill all day—indeed, he had owned to Hannah that he was not well, and that before he went home he meant to consult a doctor; but he had the true masculine dislike to be pitied and sympathized with in his ailments, so she asked no more; only she watched him—his changing cheek, his nervous start at every opening of the door, with an anxiety she could not control.

And as, during a pause in his conversation with Lady Dunsmore, he turned and asked Hannah, rather irritably, "why she was so silent?" he little knew what a desperate resolve was forming in her mind, should certain combinations of circumstances force her to it—drive her into the carrying out of that principle, "All for love, and the world well lost." A resolve which no one would have expected possible for such a quiet woman as she.

Ten o'clock struck—eleven; it was near midnight.

"They are having a long debate; that looks well for our cause," said Lady Dunsmore; and then a carriage was heard to drive up and Lord Dunsmore's foot—he was a large, heavy, ponderous man, not easily moved, physically or mentally, but firm as a rock after he did move—was distinctly audible coming up stairs.

His little bright wife flew to him.

"Oh, tell us—I mean, tell me—in two words—"

But he had caught sight of the other two, and looked for the moment as if he wished himself miles and miles away. Still he went up and shook hands with them with a noble affectation of carelessness.

"Pardon. Lady Dunsmore is so anxious about me and my affairs. Well, my dear, there is, unluckily, no news. We have failed this time—beaten; but by the smallest majority yet. Hope on, hope ever! Next session we shall have converted those heretics and be sure to get our bill through. If we fight on steadily, we shall carry our point at last."

"Of course we shall," cried the countess, with a choke in her throat. "No need to be down-hearted. The right always wins. Cheer up, Dunsmore!"

And she patted him on the shoulder, never once turning her eyes—they glittered with tears, in spite of her gay tone—the two behind her.

Hannah stood motionless. She had expected nothing, and was scarcely disappointed; but Bernard stepped forward excitedly.

"Yes, yes, the right always wins. And you made a brilliant speech, Lord Dunsmore. I—I—con—grat—"

An uncomfortable sound rose in his throat, as if he were struggling to articulate and could not. Then he dropped down, and there was the piteous sight of a strong man swooning dead away. Hannah, as she fell on her knees beside him and lifted his head, thought for the instant it was real death.

"It has killed him," she said piteously. "He could not bear it—the suspense, I mean; and now—You understand?"

"Yes, I have understood it all along," said Lady Dunsmore, gently, and bade her husband lock the door, so as to prevent any one entering for a minute or two. "We will see after him ourselves. Look, he is reviving a little already!"

Bernard sighed. "Oh, Hannah;" he murmured, and stretched out his arms. She opened hers and took him into them, resting his head against her shoulder, so that he could breathe freer, then looked up to her two friends.

"You see how it is? We could not help it. And you do not think us wrong, I know."

"Wrong! Quite the contrary. And I always knew it would happen. Didn't I tell you so?"



That one little triumph—"I told you so!" The countess could not resist it; but after that she said no more—only helped Hannah, in the kindest and tenderest way, to restore the still half-conscious man. Bernard's illness, however, seemed rather more than an ordinary fainting-fit. When he recovered he wandered in his talk, and scarcely seemed to know where he was.

Then Hannah took at once the motherly part which seems natural to almost all women in cases of sickness—soothing him, tending him, and accepting for him all the arrangements which Lady Dunsmore immediately made, that he should remain in the house. Soon he was able to be half led, half carried, to his room.

"Is it all right, Hannah? You will see that it is all right?" said he helplessly; and when she answered him in her quieting voice he seemed satisfied, and submitted patiently.

But she had to submit to harder things. When hearing him call her, she mechanically rose to follow him, Lady Dunsmore detained her.

"Not you; my old housekeeper must be his nurse. Not you."

"But he wants me. He called me."

"Never mind. You can not go. What would the world say?"

Hannah blushed horribly, then answered, in a low, desperate voice, "I care nothing for the world. He is mine. You forget we are engaged; we were to have been married as soon as ever the law allowed. Nobody understands him as I do. Let me go."

"No," said her friend, firmly. "He will be taken every care of; but your care he cannot have. For both your sakes I will not allow it; the world is too wicked. And yet," she added, "the world has common sense on its side. No man or woman not related, ought to have been to one another what you and he have been, unless they could be married. You must accept things as they are. I am not cruel to you, but kind."

Hannah knew that. With a stolid patience she did accept her lot, submitting day after day, for a whole week, to the miserable suspense of only hearing second-hand tidings of Bernard's state, of having rights and no rights, of being neither wife nor sister, yet having to endure the agonizing anxiety of both. Not alone, either, in her pain—for Bernard continually sent messages for her to come to him, and Lady Dunsmore would not let her go.

"Cæsar's wife," she said, "must not even be suspected. You are under my protection, and I will protect you to the utmost of my power; but you must also protect yourself. You must give no handle to the bitter tongues which are already beginning to wag about you."

What tongues, she did not state; but Hannah knew. By the manner in which she had often heard other people talked of at the Moat House, she guessed well enough how the Moat House would now be talking of her. And the plan which, in the wretchedness of being parted from him, she had already matured, and intended to propose to Bernard as soon as he got well—namely, that, adhering to the letter of the law, and risking all misinterpretation, she should go back with him to Easterham, and resume her place as his sister and housekeeper—faded into thin air.

"You are right," said the countess, when they discussed, as they did openly now, the actual position of things, and what was the best course to take next. "Such a scheme would never do. The world would never believe in you or him. I can quite understand a woman, conscious of her own innocence, doing the most daring things; but there are things which she has no right to dare. No, my poor Hannah, if ever you are married, you must bring to your husband a spotless name; not a soul must be able to throw a stone at you. And there are those who would stone you to death if they could."

"I know that," said Hannah sadly; "but perhaps they do not mean it. Don't tell him; he loves them."

So spoke she, and tried to believe the best—that circumstances were chiefly in fault, not individuals. But Lady Dunsmore was very angry, especially when, the ill-tidings about Bernard being necessarily sent to Easterham, Bertha and Mrs. Morecamb rushed up and bemoaned him, and exacted a promise from him that he would come home directly, and let himself be nursed at the Moat House by his own people. That day he did not ask for Hannah—not once.

She sat in her room, and saw nothing of him—saw almost nobody, except the child. She was painfully aware that every person in the house, servants included, guessed her exact position with regard to Mr. Rivers, and watched her with the eager curiosity with which almost all people, good and bad alike, follow a domestic tragedy of this sort—a something which can not be talked of openly, which has all

the delightfulness of sin without its dangerous elements.

Thus, when Mr. Rivers at last came down to the drawing-room, Celestine, the countess's maid, ran into Miss Thelluson's room, with the substance of half a dozen French novels written in her face, to communicate the event; assuring mademoiselle that monsieur was looking so much better than any body expected, and she heard him asking for her; and should she arrange mademoiselle's toilet to the best advantage before she went down stairs?

But, when really summoned, Hannah crept rather than walked to her lover's presence. There was no joy, no eagerness in her face — only a kind of dreamy thankfulness — until they were alone together, and then he called her to his side.

"Hannah, it was not of your own will that you forsook me?"

"No, no!"

"And you love me still? You will not give me up even after what has befallen us? You understand? For another year, at least, there is no hope of our being married."

"No."

"Isn't it sad and strange — sad and strange," he continued, wistfully, as he lay on the sofa, she holding his hand, for he was very feeble still. "Here are we two, with every blessing under heaven — youth, health, freedom, money — nothing in the world to prevent our being happy; and yet happy we can not be. I see no way out of it. Do you?"

For a minute he looked as if he thought she might; but she shook her head, and kept her eyes down on the ground.

"Then the question is, what are we to do? I must go home directly, but it must be without you. Lady Dunsmore tells me so, and I think she is right."

"I think so too."

"And parting from you, I must also part from my child. You know I promised you I would never claim the child, and I shall keep my word, though I shall miss her sorely. Pretty little Rosie! Still I give her up — to you."

"Thank you."

And then, looking at him, the thanks seemed cruel — he was so worn, so weak, so joyless; and it was such a joyless, empty life that he was going back to. He was so helpless, too — the kind of man who always wants a woman to take care of him — to whom marriage is, domestically, not merely a comfort but a necessity; and all his little weaknesses she knew — all his

innocent wants she was accustomed to supply.

"Oh, you don't know how I have missed you!" said he, with an almost child-like complaining. "Home has not been like home since you went away. There was nobody to do any thing for me, or, when they did it, they did it wrong. Nobody like Hannah. When shall I have you back again?"

"When, indeed?"

"And now, when I was ill — when, once or twice, I thought I was dying, and could not get at you — it was so hard. Will you promise?" — he lifted himself up, and clutched her hand tight — "promise faithfully that, if I am really dying, you will come to me, whatever the world says?"

"I will;" and he saw by her face that she would. "But you must not die," she added, desperately; "you must get well as fast as ever you can. You must take the utmost possible care of yourself, for Rosie's sake — and mine. Oh, Bernard! once I told you to part from me and go and marry another woman; but I could not do it now."

He smiled, and tried to draw her closer to him; but she glanced at the door and shrunk away.

"You don't care for me — you are afraid of caring for me," Bernard said, angrily.

"I! not care for you!"

She wept; and overcome by the weakness of illness, he wept too. It was cruelly hard for them both — as hard as that most pathetic line in the ballad —

"We took but ae kiss and we tore ourselves away."

But that "ae kiss" of theirs had no sin in it — nothing but sorrow.

"Hannah," implored he, "do not forsake me again. If you knew what a lost creature I am without you — to die without you, or to live without you, is equally dreadful. Can nothing be done? Oh, my dearest! can nothing be done?"

His eyes were so sad, his looks so wan. Even this comparatively trifling illness, following the long mental strain which he must have undergone, had broken him down so completely that Hannah was terrified. There came upon her that mortal dread, which comes upon all who love, and was most natural in her, who had lived to see the grave close over all her nearest and dearest. What if, among all their cares, the one care they had never contemplated were to happen? What if Bernard were to fall into ill health, to sicken and die, and she still parted from

him? What if, instead of the long lonely years which both had feared so much, there should be allotted to one of them only a brief space of earthly life, was that space to be spent in separation? Would it not be better to clutch at the vanishing joy—to risk all things, and gain one another?

Under the agony of this fear, Hannah was near giving way, and whispering a word or two—offering that fatal sacrifice which, however he needs it and craves it, no woman has a right to make to any man, not even though it may be one which, as in this case, involves no moral guilt, and concerning which her own conscience may be at ease entirely. For the sacrifice is not hers alone. He too is involved in it. Nor he only; but the solemn rights of creatures yet unborn—innocent beings who can not plead and say, “Father, mother, why did you do this? why entail this misery upon us also?”

Whether, noble and pure woman as she was, the motherly heart in Hannah made her faintly hear those voices, with a solemn provision that no woman ought ever to blush for or to set aside—who knows?—but she hesitated. She could not be the first to propose that marriage abroad which secured nothing at home. Besides, so long as the law was the law, it ought not to be broken.

While she hesitated, Bernard, who had lain silent and thoughtful, said suddenly, in a rather changed tone—the “worldly” tone which she had sometimes remarked in him, the faint reflex of what was so strong in the rest of his family:

“Perhaps, after all, my going back to my parish work alone will be the most prudent course; for I may soon have to make some change in it, and indeed in all my outward surroundings. The girls tell me that poor Austin has had another series of fits, worse than ever before. Most likely I shall be Sir Bernard before very long.”

He sighed—but it was not a heart-deep sigh; one could not expect it to be; and there was something in his look which corresponded to that tone which always jarred upon Hannah. No, “All for love, and the world well lost,” was not the creed of any Rivers; if Bernard tried it, the loss would not be by him quite unfelt. Would it by any man brought up as he had been, and with the nobler half of him never developed at all till he fell in love with poor Rosie—till he afterward walked into love, deeply, deliberately, with such a woman as Hannah Thelluson?

Hannah left her passionate words unsaid, and continued their grave and anxious talk—listening to all the plans he made for her and Rosie, in which he showed the utmost thoughtfulness and tenderness. The most likely scheme, and one which Lady Dunsmore had herself suggested, was that, as the young Ladies Dacre were going to the sea-side for a little, Hannah should accompany them, or rather *chaperone* them, taking with her Rosie and Grace. This would be a quiet life, and yet not a life quite shut out of the world. No one could say she was “hiding.”

“For you must not hide,” Bernard argued; “we must not look as if we were ashamed of ourselves. And you must be somewhere where I can get at you—run down to see my child, of course, whenever it is practicable. Still, you are best a little out of the way too, and not going much into society, for the thing is sure to ooze out.”

“How?”

“Oh, though my people pledged me to secrecy ‘for the honor of the family,’ I know what women’s tongues are,” said Bernard bitterly. “Still they do not dare say or do much, seeing I shall be Sir Bernard some time; and then—But however things end, I had rather, whatever may be the curiosity of the world about you, that it was not gratified; but that you lived a rather secluded life. It is best, especially considering how you stand with respect to my family.”

“I comprehend you. Yes.”

“Oh, Hannah, have I said anything to wound you? But I am placed, as it were, between two fires. What can I do?”

“Nothing. Nor I. Fate is too much for us; we had better say good-bye for a time. Give me the child and let me go.”

And at the moment she felt as if she did not care where she went or what was done to her. It was all pain; nothing but pain. In her sad life all its natural delights seemed turned into bitterness.

Bernard seized her hands—“Tell me the whole truth. Tell me all that is in your mind about me, or against me—what is it?”

Another minute and she might have said, not at all the tender words that a while ago she had meant to say, but others quite opposite—words which might have placed an eternal barrier between her and the man she loved; who after all was only looking upon their position with a man’s eyes—always harder and more worldly than a woman’s.

But to save her the door opened, and there burst in, with a cry of delight, her Rosie -- her -- "sunshiny child," as she often called her. The little thing, who had been with her papa every day for the last week, climbed upon him in an ecstasy, then turned to Hannah.

"Tannie too, Tannie too! Papa and Tannie kiss Rosie. Both together!"

It was going back to the old ways; childhood and age are alike in clinging to old ways and resisting the smallest change.

"You see," said Bernard, with a smile, "Rosie herself insists upon things being as they used to be -- as they ought to be. Rosie herself delights in us both together."

Hannah said nothing; but clasping her darling, she laid her weight of secret pain upon the unconscious, childish bosom which was already the receptacle and the comfort of half her woes.

"I will go any where, and do any thing that you and Lady Dunsmore think best, if I may only have Rosie with me. She'll come, I know?" And Hannah curled round her fingers the soft little ring of silky hair -- baby hair which had never been cut, and which netted in its dainty meshes all her motherly heart. "Who loves poor Tannie? Who's Tannie's darling?"

"No -- papa's darling," said the child, with a pretty waywardness, and then, relenting, came and laid her head in her aunt's lap, repeating words which Hannah had forgotten ever saying to her, only she often murmured, her soul out over the little crib at night; and Rosie's observation was growing so sharp, and her memory so clear. "No -- papa's darling; Tannie's blessing!" Then with a little silvery, mischievous laugh, "Blessed tild! Rosie blessed tild!"

Ay, she was a blessed child.

#### CHAPTER XV.

ALONE, in a foreign land -- with only a child for company and a servant for protection, this, in the strange vicissitudes of Hannah's life, was her position now. Accidentally, rather than intentionally, for Lady Dunsmore had taken all care of her, and meant her to be met at Paris by Madame Arthenay, the lady to whom she sent her, and who, with herself, was the accomplice of Hannah's running away.

For she had literally "run away" -- by not only the concurrence, but the compulsion of her faithful friend, who saw that the strain was growing too hard to bear.

Living within reach of Bernard's visits, which were half a joy and half a dread, exposed to the continual gossip of East-erham -- since, though the Moat House had entirely "cut" her, some of the other houses did not, but continued by letter a patronizing kindness most irritating -- above all, suffering a painful inner warfare as to how far she was right in allowing Bernard to come and see her, since every time he came the cruel life of suspense he led seemed more and more to be making him -- not merely wretched but something worse; all these trials, in course of time did their work upon even the strong heart and healthy frame of Hannah Thelluson.

"You are breaking down," said the countess, when one day toward the summer's end she came to take her young folks home. "This can not last. You must do as I once suggested -- go quite away."

"I can not!" said Hannah, faintly smiling. "He would not let me." For she felt herself gradually succumbing to Bernard's impetuous will, and to the strength of a passion unto which impediments seemed to have given a force and persistency that had changed his whole character.

"Not let you go away? The tyrant! Men are all tyrants, you know. Very well. Then you must run away."

"He will follow me -- as he once said he should -- wherever I went."

"Indeed! Quite right of him. Still, as I object to tyranny, and as you will just now be much better without him than with him, I mean to help you to run away."

"But -- the child! -- he will miss her so. And I must have the child with me!"

"Of course. But do you think when a man is desperately in love he troubles himself much about a child? Hannah -- my dear old goose! you will be a goose to the end of your days. Go and cackle over your little gosling, and leave me to manage every thing for you."

Hannah obeyed, for she had come to that pass when her energies, and even her volition, seemed to have left her. She submitted tacitly to the countess's plan, which was to send her quite out of England -- to a distant French town, Avran-ches, not easily reached, being beyond the limits of railways -- where resided a dear old friend of Lady Dunsmore's, of whom she had often talked to Hannah -- one Madame Arthenay.

"She will be the best protection you could have, for she herself married her sister's husband, as is constantly done in

France; so no need of concealment, my dear. I shall just tell her every thing. And you need not mind even if Mr. Rivers does swoop down upon you some day — after his fashion. But he can't — Avranches is too far off. Nor will I let him if I can help it. I shall tell him he must leave you in peace, to regain your strength and quiet your nerves. Good-by now, and God bless you!"

The good countess, as she made this hurried farewell on board the French steamboat, left them. Almost before Hannah knew where she was, or what she had consented to, she found herself alone with Rosie and Grace. Lady Dunsmore did not say what deeper reason she had for thus effecting a temporary separation, sudden and complete, between the lovers, even though it involved what she called the "kidnapping" of little Rosie. Knowing the world and the men therein, a good deal better than her friend did, she foreboded for Hannah a blow heavier than any yet. That hapless elder brother, the present Sir Austin, was said to be in a dying state; and for Sir Bernard Rivers of the Moat House, the last representative of so long a line, to contract an illegal marriage, in which his wife would be shut out of society, and his children held by law as illegitimate, was a sacrifice at which the most passionate lover might well hesitate. While under these, or any circumstances, for him to doom himself for life to celibacy, was scarcely to be expected.

Lady Dunsmore had come to know Mr. Rivers pretty well by this time. She liked him extremely — as most women did — but her liking did not blind her to a conviction, founded on a certain Scotch proverb: "As the auld cock craws, the young cock learns" — that, when he was put to the crucial test, the world and his own family might be too strong for Sir Bernard. Therefore, on all accounts, she was glad at this time to get Hannah out of the way. But her plans, too hastily formed, somehow miscarried; for at Paris her two friends contrived to miss one another. When Miss Thelluson reached Avranches, it was to find Madame Arthenay away, and herself quite alone in that far-away place, with only Grace and the child.

At first this loneliness was almost pleasant. Ever since crossing the Channel she had felt lulled into a kind of stupor: the strange peace of those who have cut the cable between themselves and home, left all their burdens behind, and drifted away into what seems like "another and a better

world." During her few days of travelling she had been conscious only of a sunshiny sky and smiling earth, of people moving about her with lively tongues and cheerful faces. Everything was entirely new, for she had never been abroad before; and whether the land was France or Paradise did not much matter. She had her child beside her, and that was enough.

She had Grace too. Many a servant is in trouble almost better than a friend, because a servant is silent — Grace was, even to a fault. Trouble had hardened her sorely. Even when a few months before, the last blow had fallen, the last tie was broken between her and Jem Dixon — for their child had died — poor Grace had said only, "It is best. My boy might have grown up to blame his mother for his existence." Words which, when Hannah heard, made her shiver in her inmost soul.

That the girl knew perfectly well her mistress's position with respect to Mr. Rivers, was evident. When he came, the nurse abstained from intruding upon them, and kept other intruders away, in a manner which, though not obnoxiously shown, occasionally touched, sometimes vexed, but always humiliated, Hannah. Still, in her sad circumstances, she was glad to have the protection of even this dumb watch-dog of a faithful servant.

Grace seemed greatly relieved when the sea rolled between them and England. "It would take a good bit of time and trouble for any body to come after us here," said she, as they climbed the steep hill on the top of which sits the lovely tower of Avranches, and looked back on the long line of straight road, miles upon miles, visible through the green, woody country, which they had traversed in driving from Granville. "It feels quite at the world's end; and, unless folk knew where we were, they might as well seek after a needle in a hay-rick. A good job too!" muttered she, with a glance at the worn face of her dear mistress, who faintly smiled.

"Nobody know our whereabouts exactly, Grace. We have certainly done what I often in my youth used to long to do — run away, and left no address."

"I'm glad of it, ma'am. Then you'll have a good long rest."

She had, but in an unexpected way. They found Madame Arthenay absent, and her little house shut up.

"We must take refuge in the hotel," said Hannah, with a weary look. "It seems a pleasant place to lie down and rest in."



It was; and for a few hours she lingered about with Rosie in the inn garden—a green, shady, shut-in nook, with only a stray tourist or two sitting reading on its benches; full of long, low espaliers, heavy with Normandy pears. There were masses of brilliant autumn flowers, French and African marigolds, zinnias, and so on—treasures that the child kept innocently begging for, with a precocious enjoyment of the jingle of rhyme. “Give me pretty posie, to stick in Rosie ‘tittle bosie!” Hannah roused herself once or twice, to answer her little girl, and explain that the flowers were not hers to gather, and that Rosie must be content with a stray daisy or two, for she never exacted blind obedience where she could find a reason intelligible to the little wakening soul. But when, after a tear or two, Rosie submitted to fate, and entreated Tannie to “come with Rosie find daisies—lots of daisies!” Aunt Hannah also succumbed.

“Tannie can’t come; she must go to her bed, my darling. Poor Tannie is so tired.”

And for the first time in her life she went to bed before the child, laying her head down on the pillow with a feeling as if it would be a comfort never to lift it up any more.

After these ensued days—three or four—of which she never liked to speak much afterward. She lay in a nervous fever, utterly helpless; and when, had it not been for the few words of French which Grace was able to recall—the Misses Melville having amused themselves once with teaching her—and the quickness, intelligence, and tender-heartedness of the inn-servants—good, simple Frenchwomen, with the true womanly nature which is the same all the world over—things would have gone hard with Hannah Thelluson.

More than once, vague and wandering as her thoughts were, she bitterly repented having “run away;” thereby snatching Rosie from her natural protector, and carrying her off into these strange lands, whence, perhaps, she might never be able to bring her back, but herself lie down to rise up no more. But by-and-by even this vain remorse vanished, and she was conscious of thinking about nothing beyond the roses on the chinz bed-curtains and the pattern of the paper-hangings—birds of paradise, with their sweeping tails; the angle which the opposite house made against the sky, the curious shape of its tiling, and the name of the *boutiquier* inscribed thereon, the first few letters of which were cut off by her window-ledge.

So childish had her mind grown, so calmly receptive of all that happened, however extraordinary, that when one day a kind-looking, elderly lady came into her room, and began talking broken English to Grace and the child, and to herself in the sweetest French she ever heard, Hannah accepted the fact at once, and took scarcely more than half a day to get quite accustomed to Madame Arthenay.

She was one of those women, of which France may boast so many, as unlike our English notion of a Frenchwoman as the caricatures of John Bull who strut about on the French stage are like a real Briton. Feminine, domestic—though, after having brought up two families, her sister’s and her own, she now lived solitary in her pretty little nest of a house; a strict, almost stern Protestant; pure alike in act, and thoughts, and words—you would hardly have believed she was born in the same land or came of the same race as the women who figure in modern French novels, or who are met only too often in modern Parisian society. As Grace said of her after she had gone, “Ma’am, I don’t care how often she comes to see you, or how long she stays. She doesn’t bother me one bit. She’s just like an Englishwoman.”—Which Madame Arthenay certainly was not, and would have smiled at the narrow-judging, left-handed compliment. But she was a noble type of the noblest bit of womanly nature, which is the same, or nearly the same in all countries. No wonder Lady Dunsmore loved her, or that, as she prophesied, Hannah loved her too—in a shorter time than she could have thought it possible to love any stranger, and a foreigner likewise.

“Strangers and foreigners, so we each are to one another,” said the French lady early one morning, after she had sat up all night with Hannah—to give Grace a rest. “And yet we do not feel so; do we? I think it is because we belong to the same kingdom—the kingdom of God.”

For underneath all her gayety and lightness of heart, Madame Arthenay was a very religious woman—as, she told Hannah, “we Protestants” generally were; thoroughly domestic and home-loving likewise.

“It is a mistake to suppose that we French all fall in love with one another’s wives and husbands, or that we compel our children to make cruel *mariages de convenance*, as you English fancy we do. My sister’s was a love-marriage, like mine, and all my children’s were. You would find us not so very different from your-

selves if you once came and settled among us. Suppose you were to try."

So said she, looking kindly at her; but though, as both knew, she had been told every thing, this was the first time Madame Arthenay had made any allusion to Miss Thelluson's future or her own past. Besides, they did not talk very much, she speaking chiefly in French, which Hannah found it an effort to follow. But she loved to read the cosmopolitan language of the sweet eyes, to accept the good offices of the tender, skilful, useful hands. Years afterward, when all its bitterness, and pain, and terror had died out, the only thing she remembered about that forlorn illness in a far-away French town was the kindness of all the good French people about her, and especially of Madame Arthenay.

But when she was convalescent, Hannah's heart woke up from the stupor into which it had fallen. She wanted to get well all in a minute, that she might have back her little Rosie, who had been spirited away from her by those compassionate French mothers, and was turning into *une petite Française* as fast as possible. Above all, she craved for news from home: it was a fortnight now since she had had one word — one line. She did not wish — nay, she dreaded — to have a letter from Bernard; but she would have liked to hear of him — how he took the news of her flight, whether he was angry with her, and whether he missed his child. But no tidings came, and she did not want to write till she was better. Besides, Madame Arthenay took all the writing things away.

"You are my slave, my captive. Madame la Comtesse exacts it," said she, in her pretty French. "You are not to do a single thing, nor to stir out of your room until I give you leave, which will likely be to-morrow. And now I must bid you adieu, as I have a friend coming who will stay the whole day. Could you rest here quiet, do you think, and spare me an hour of Grace and Rosie? I should like to show my friend the little English rose."

Hannah promised vaguely, and was left alone — to study, as heretofore, the flowers on the chinz and the long-tailed birds on the wall. She was getting very weary of her imprisonment — she who had never before been confined to her room for a whole week. It was a lovely day; she knew that by the bit of intensely blue sky behind the house-tiles opposite, and the soft, sweet air, that, together with the cheerful street noises of a foreign town, entered in at the

open window. A longing to "rise up and walk" came over her — to go out and see what could be seen; above all to catch a glimpse of that glorious view which she had noticed in coming up the hill — the sea view, with Mont St. Michel in the distance; that wonderful rock castle, dedicated to her favourite angel (in the days when she was a poetical young lady she always had a statue of him in her room), St. Michael, the angel of high places, the angel who fights against the wrong.

It was a vagary, more like a school-girl than a grown woman; but Hannah could not help it. She felt she must go out — must feel the fresh air and sunshine, and try if she could walk, if there was any remnant of health and strength left in her; for she would need both so much.

She was already dressed, for she had insisted upon it. Searching for her bonnet and shawl, and smiling with a pathetic pleasure to find she really could walk pretty well — also wondering, with childish amusement, as to whether, if Grace met her, she would not take her for a ghost — Hannah stole down through the quiet hotel, and out into the street — that picturesque street of Avranches which leads towards the public gardens, and the spot where, within six square feet, is piled up the poor remnant of its once splendid cathedral.

Madame Arthenay had described it, and the various features of the town, during the gentle, flowing, unexciting conversation which she pertinaciously kept up by the invalid's bedside, so Hannah easily found her way thither; tottering a little at first, but soon drinking in the life-giving stimulus of that freshest, purest air, blowing on a hill-top from over the sea. All her life Hannah had loved high places; they feel nearer heaven somehow, and lift one above the petty pains and grovelling pleasures of this mortal life. Even now, weak as she was, she was conscious of a sensation of pleasure as if her life were not all done. She wandered about, losing her way, and finding it again; or amusing herself by asking it of those kindly, courteous French folk, who, whenever they looked in her face, stopped and softened their voices as if they knew she had been ill and in trouble. One of them — a benign-looking old gentleman, taking the air with his old wife, just like an English Darby and Joan — civilly pointed out to her the Jardin des Plantes as being a charming place to walk in, where madame would find easy benches to repose herself upon, and a sea-view, with Mont St. Michel

in it, that was truly "magnifique." Madame's own beautiful island could furnish nothing finer. Hannah smiled, amused at the impossibility of passing for any thing but an Englishwoman, in spite of her careful French, and went thither.

It was a beautiful spot. Sick souls and weary bodies might well repose themselves there, after the advice of the good little fat Frenchman—how fat Frenchmen do grow sometimes! The fine air was soft as cream and strong as wine, and the cloudless sunshine lay round about like a flood; over land and sea—the undulating sweep of forest country on the right hand, and on the left the bay, with its solitary rock—fortress, prison, monastery—about which Madame Arthenay, in her charming small-talk, so fitted for a sick-room, had told stories without end.

Involuntarily, Hannah sat and thought of them now, and not of her own troubles; these seemed to have slipped away, as they often do in a short, sharp illness, and she woke refreshed, as after a night's sleep, able to assume again the burden of the day. Only she lay and meditated, as one does before rising, in a dreamy sort of way, in which her old dreams came back to her. Looking at that lonely rock, she called up the figure of her saint—the favorite St. Michael of her girlhood, with his head bent forward and his sweet mouth firmly set; his hands leaning on his sword, ready to fight, able even to avenge, but yet an angel always; and there came into her that saving strength of all beaten-down, broken-hearted creatures—the belief, alas! often so faint—that God does sometimes send his messengers to fight against wrong; not merely to succor, but absolutely to fight.

"No, I will not die—not quite yet," she said to herself, as in this far-distant nook of God's earth, which seemed to have His smile perpetually upon it, she thought of her own England, made homeless to her through trouble, and bitter with persecution. "Oh, that I had the wings of a dove! Here, perhaps, I might find rest; but still I will not die. They shall not kill me. They may take my character away—they may make him forsake me, as I dare say he will; but I have strength in my soul, nevertheless. And I will fight against their cruelty—I will protest to the last that I had a right to love him, a right to marry him; that it would have been the best thing for him, for me, and the child. Oh, my Bernard! there is a deal of the angel in you; but if there were more of the St. Michael—if, instead

of submitting to wrong, you could take up your sword and hew it down—But you can not. I know, when the time comes, you will forsake me. But still—still—I shall have the child."

Thus sighed she; and then, determined to sigh no more, to complain no more, to any living creature, but to do her best to get health and strength of body and mind, Hannah rose up from the heap of stones where she had been sitting. With one fond look at that glorious picture which lay below her—earth, sea, and sky, equally beautiful, and blending together in the harmony which soothes one's soul into harmony too—she turned her steps homeward; that is, "chez elle," for to poor Hannah Thelluson there was not—would there ever be?—such a thing as home.

As she went, she saw a figure coming toward her, walking rapidly, and looking round as if searching for some one. Had it been possible—or, rather, had not the extreme improbability of such a thing made her stop a minute, and draw her hand across her eyes, to make sure that imagination was not playing her false—she should have said it was Bernard.

He saw her likewise; and the two ghosts—for strangely ghostly they both looked to one another's eyes—met.

"Hannah! how could you—"

"Bernard! oh, Bernard!"

She was so glad to see him—he could not help finding it out; nor did she try to hide it—she was too weak. She clung to his arm, her voice choking, her tears falling fast—tears of pure helplessness, and of joy also. He had not forsaken her.

"How could you run away in this manner? We have been searching for you—Madame Arthenay, Grace, and I—for hours."

"Not quite hours," said she, smiling at last. "It was fully one o'clock when I left my room. Was that what you meant by my running away?" For she was half afraid of him, gentle as he seemed, and wished to have the worst over at once.

Bernard shook his head.

"I can not scold you now. I am only too happy to see you once again, my darling."

He had never called her so before; indeed, she was the sort of woman more to be honored and loved in a quiet, silent way, than fondled over with caressing words. Still, the tenderness was very sweet to have—sweeter because she felt so miserably weak.

"How did you find me out?" she said,

as they walked up the town. And it seemed as if now, for the first time, they were free to walk together, with no cruel eyes upon them, no backbiting tongues pursuing them.

"How did I find you? Why, I tracked you like a Red Indian. Of course I should—to the world's end! What else did you expect, I wonder?"

Hannah hardly knew what she had expected—what feared. In truth, she was content to bask in the present, with a passionate eagerness of enjoyment which those only know who have given up the future hopelessly and entirely.

In the course of the day she grew so rapidly better that, when Bernard proposed going for an hour or two to the house of Madame Arthenay, she assented. He seemed quite at home there—"flirted" with the sweet old French lady in the most charming manner. He had been with her since yesterday, she said; and was indeed the "friend" to whom she wished to show the little English Rose.

"Monsieur speaks French like a Frenchman as he ought, having been at school at Caen, he tells me for two years. He does credit to his Norman blood."

Which Madame Arthenay evidently thought far superior to anything Saxon, and that the great William had done us Britons the greatest possible honor in condescending to conquer us. But Hannah would not smile at the dear old lady, whom, she saw, Bernard liked extremely.

Soon they settled, amicably and gayly, to the most delicious of coffee and the feeblest of tea, in Madame Arthenay's cottage—a series of rooms all on the ground-floor, and all opening into one another and into the garden—salon, *salle-à-manger*, two bed-chambers, and a kitchen; half of which was covered by a sort of loft, up which the one servant—a faithful old soul, who could do any thing and put up with anything—mounted of nights to her bed. A *ménage* essentially French, with not a fragment of wealth or show about it; but all was so pretty, so tasteful, so suitable. It felt like living in a bird's nest, with green leaves outside and moss within—a nest one could live in like the birds, as innocently and merrily—a veritable bit of Arcadia. Mr. Rivers said so.

"Ah, you should come and live among us," said Madame Arthenay. "In this our Normandy, though we may be a century behind you in civilization, I sometimes think we are a century nearer than you are to the long-past Golden Age. We

lead simpler lives, we honor our fathers and mothers, and look after our children ourselves. Then, too, our servants are not held so wide apart from us as you hold yours. Old Jeanne, for instance, is quite a friend of mine."

"So is Grace," Hannah said.

"Ah, yes; poor Grace! she one day told me her story." And then, turning suddenly to Bernard, "I assure you, we are very good people here in Normandy. You might like us if you knew us. Monsieur Rivers, why not come among us and resume the old name, and be Monsieur de la Rivière?"

Bernard started, looked earnestly at her to see if any deeper meaning lurked under her pleasantry.

"Take care," he said; "many a true word is spoken in jest." And then he suddenly changed the conversation and asked about an old Château de Saint Roque, which some one had told him was well worth seeing, and might be seen easily, as it was on sale.

"I know the present owner, a Lyons merchant, finds it dull. He bought it from the last *propriétaire*, to whom it had descended in a direct line, people say, ever since the Crusades; and—such a curious coincidence, *monsieur*—the family were named De la Rivière. Who knows but you may be revisiting the cradle of your ancestors? If Miss Thelluson is able, you ought certainly to go and see it."

Bernard assented, and all was soon arranged. He was in one of his happiest moods, Hannah saw. He, like herself, felt the influence of the sunshiny atmosphere, within and without, in this pleasant nook of pleasant France—the distance from home sorrows, the ease and freedom of intercourse with Madame Arthenay, who knew everything and blamed nothing. When, next day, they all met, and drove together across the smiling country, amusing themselves with the big, blue-bloused Norman peasant, who kept cracking his long whip and conversing with his horses in shrill patois that resounded even above the jingle of their bells, Hannah thought she had seldom, in all the time they had known one another, seen him looking so gay.

Saint Roque was one of those chateaux of which there are many in Normandy, built about the time of the Crusades—half mansion, half fortress. It was situated in a little valley, almost English in its character, with sleepy cows basking in the meadows, and blackberries—such blackberries as little Rosie screamed at

with delight, they were so large and fine — hanging on the hedges, and honeysuckle sweet as English honeysuckle, perfuming every step of the road. Suddenly they came upon this miniature mediæval castle, with its four towers reflected in the deep clear water of the moat, which they crossed by a draw-bridge — and then were all at once carried from old romance to modern comfort, but picturesque still.

Hannah thought she had never seen a sweeter place. "I only wish I were rich and could buy it. I think I could live content here all my days," said she to the Lyons merchant's wife, whom Madam Arthenay knew, and who, with her black-eyed boy clinging to her gown, politely showed her every thing.

"Did you mean what you said?" whispered Bernard, eagerly. And then he drew back, and, without waiting for her answer, began talking to Madame Arthenay.

That night, when he took them safe to the hotel door, he detained Hannah, and asked her if she would not come round the garden with him in the moonlight.

"The air is soft as a summer night; it will do you no harm. We may have no better chance of talk, and I want to speak to you."

Yet for many minutes he said nothing. The night was so still, the garden so entirely deserted, that they seemed to have for once the world to themselves. In this far-away spot it felt as if they had left all the bitterness of their life behind them — as if they had a right to be lovers, and to treat one another as such. Bernard put his arm round her as they sat; and though there was a solemnity in his caresses, and a tender sadness in her reception of them which marked them as people who had known sorrow, very different from boy and girl lovers, still love was very sweet — implying deep content, thankful rest.

"Hannah," he said at last, "I have never yet scolded you properly for your running away — with Lady Dunsmore aiding and abetting you. She would scarcely tell me where you were, until I hinted that, as a father, I had a right to get possession of my child. Why did you do such a thing? You must not do it again."

She laughed, but said nothing. In truth they were both too happy for either anger or contrition.

"Dearest," he whispered, "we must be married. I shall never have any rest till you are wholly and lawfully mine."

"Oh, Bernard! if that could ever be!"

"It shall be. I have been talking to Madame Arthenay about it, as Lady Dunsmore charged me to do. She loves you well, Hannah; and the dear old French lady loves you too already. Every body loves you, and would like to see you happy."

"Happy!" And it seemed as if happiness would never come any nearer to her than now, when she sat as if in a dream, and watched the moon sailing over the sky, just as she had done in her girlhood and ever since, only now she was lonely no more, but deeply and faithfully loved; loving, too, as she never thought it was in her to love any man. "Happy! I am so happy now that I almost wish I could die."

"Hush!" Bernard said, with a shiver. "Come down from the clouds, my love, and listen to me — to my plain, rough common sense, for two minutes."

Then he explained that the jest about his becoming Monsieur de la Rivière was not entirely a jest — that in talking with Madame Arthenay she had told him how, upon giving notice to the French government, and residing three years in France, he would become a naturalized French citizen, enjoying all the benefits of French laws, including that which, by obtaining a "dispensation" — seldom or never refused — legalizes marriage with a deceased wife's sister. And such a marriage Madame Arthenay believed, being contracted by them in the character of French subjects, would be held legal anywhere, as her own had been.

A future, the bare chance of which made Hannah feel like a new creature. To be Bernard's happy, honoured wife, Rosie's rightful mother; to enter joyfully upon that life which to every home-loving woman is the utmost craving of her nature; she could hardly believe it true, or that, if possible, it had not been thought of before — until a sadder thought occurred to her.

"What does 'naturalization' mean? Becoming a Frenchman?"

"Yes; also, that I must 'change my domicile,' as lawyers call it, publicly and permanently; let it be clearly known that I never mean to live in England again."

"Never again? That would involve giving up much. How much?"

"Everything!" he answered, bitterly. "Home, friends, profession, position; all the ambitions I ever had in my life, and I have had some. Still," added he — was it tenderly or only kindly? — as if he feared



he had hurt her, "still, Hannah, I should have you."

"Yes," said Hannah, and fell into deep thought.

How much is a woman to a man—say, the noblest woman to the best and truest man? How far can she replace to him everything, supply everything? A great deal, no doubt; and men in love say she can do all. But is it true? Does after-experience prove it true? And it must be remembered that in this case the woman's experience of the man was close, domestic—more like that which comes after marriage than before. She knew Mr. Rivers perfectly well as a brother before she ever thought of him as anything else. Loving him, she loved him opened-eyed, seeing all his weak as well as his strong points as clearly as he saw hers.

Hannah was neither an over-conceited nor an over-humble person. She knew perfectly well her own deserts and requirements—Bernard's too. She was well aware that the ties of home, of kindred, of old associations, were with him passionately strong. Also, that he was, as he said, an ambitious man—that the world had a larger place in his heart than it had ever had in hers. She began to tremble.

"Tell me," said she, "tell me the exact truth. Do you think you could do this? Would it not be a sacrifice so painful, so difficult, as to be almost impossible?"

"You are right," he answered in a low voice, and turning his head away, "I fear it would be impossible."

Hannah knew it, and yet she wished he had not said it. To her, with her ideal of love, nothing, except sin, would ever have been impossible.

They sat silent a while. Then Bernard, assuming a cheerful tone, continued—

"But, my dearest, there is a medium course. Why should we not, without being absolutely naturalized, take up our abode in France, where such marriages as ours are universally recognized? We might live here the greater part of the year, and only go to England occasionally. Even then we need not mingle in English society. The curate I have lately taken would be left in charge of my parish, so that I need scarcely ever go to Easterham."

"That means," said Hannah, slowly "that you could never take me to Easterham. Our marriage, after all, would be like the other foreign marriages of which we have spoken, which at home are no marriages at all. Abroad, I might be held as your wife; in England, I should be only—"

"No, no, no!" broke in Bernard, impetuously, "do not wound me by the cruel word. It is not true. People could not be so harsh, so wicked. And if they were, why need we care, when our own consciences are satisfied? Oh, my love, my love why can not we be happy? Is it not right to be happy in this short, sad life of ours, which may end at any time? Besides," and his voice altered so that Hannah scarcely knew it, "you are not aware what harm you are doing me. This suspense drives me nearly wild. I can settle to nothing, accomplish nothing. My life is wasting away. I am growing a worse man every day; more unworthy of you, of my child, of"—here he stopped and looked upward solemnly—"of her whom I never forget, my child's mother. Oh, Hannah, listen to me this once, this last time. Here, where, it can so easily be done, marry me. For God's sake marry me—and at once!"

It was an awful struggle. Worse even than that which she had gone through when he was ill, and of which he never knew. The questions she had put to herself then she repeated now—arguing them over and over with a resolute will, that tried to judge every thing impartially, and not with relation to herself at all. Other arguments, too, came back upon her mind, arguments belonging to the great conflict of her youth, of which this one seemed to be such a cruel repetition—with a difference. For the marriage with her cousin would have risked only physical evils, but no moral suffering or social disgrace to any human being; while this marriage, which the law would never recognize as such, risked much more. All her father had then said to her—her dear, dead father, so tender and wise—of the rights of the unborn generation, of the cruelty of entailing upon them the penalty of our joy, if that can be true joy which is so dearly bought—seemed to return word by word, and burn themselves into her brain. With Rosie even, it might one day be a difficulty—when the young grown-up girl came to discover that her father's wife was not really his wife, but only regarded as such out of courtesy or pity. And—what if Rosie should not always be the only child?

Sitting there, Hannah shuddered like a person in an ague; and then all feeling seemed to leave her, as if she were a dead woman, unconscious of the living arms that were trying to warm her into life.

"You are agitated, my own love!" Bernard whispered. "Take time; do not an-

swer me quickly. Think it well over before you answer at all."

"I have thought it over," said she, looking mournfully in his face, and clinging to his hands, as those cling who know they are putting away from them every happiness of this world. "Not now only, but many a time before, I have asked myself the same question, and found the same answer. No, Bernard, for God's sake, as you say, which includes all other sakes, I will *not* marry you."

Perhaps they ought to have parted then and there — Hannah thought afterward it had been better if they had; kinder to him and to herself if she had fled away on the spot, nor remained to have to endure and to remember those bitter words which miserable people speak in haste, and which are so very hard to be forgotten afterward — words which are heard afterward like ghostly voices in the silence of separation, making one feel that a parting, if it must be, had better be like an execution — one blow, severing soul and body; then nothingness.

That nothingness, that quiet death, that absence of all sensation, which she had felt more than once in her life, after great anguish, would have been bliss itself to the feeling which came over her, when having pleaded his utmost, and reproached her his worst, Bernard rose up, to part from her in the soft moonlight of that pleasant garden, as those part who never mean to meet again.

"My wife you must be — or nothing," he had said, passionately, and she had answered with an icy conviction that it must be so — that it had best be so. "Yes, that is true — a wife or nothing." And then the lurking "devil" which we all have in us, liable to be roused on occasion, was roused, and she said a few words which, the next minute, she would have given worlds to have left unsaid. For the same minute there came to him, put into his hands by Madame Arthenay's Jeanne, a letter, an English letter, with a broad black edge.

Bernard took it with a start — not of sorrow, but of shocked surprise.

"I must go home at once. In truth, I ought never to have left home, but I thought of nothing, remembered nothing, except you, Hannah. And this is how you have requited me."

"Hush, and read your letter."

She dared not look over his shoulder and read it with him — dared not even inquire what the sorrow was which she had now no right to share.

Nor did he tell it; but, folding up the letter, stood in deep thought for a minute or two, then turned to her coldly, as coldly as if she had been any stranger lady, to whom he gave the merest courtesy which ladyhood demanded from a gentleman — no more.

"I must beg you to make my excuses to Madame Arthenay, and tell her that I am summoned home — I can hardly say unexpectedly, and yet it feels so. Death always feels sudden at last."

He put his hand over his eyes, as if he were trying to realize something, to collect himself after some great shock. Hannah said a broken word or two of regret, but he repelled them at once.

"No; this death needs no condolence. It is no sorrow — if death ever is a sorrow so bitter as life, which I begin to doubt. But it alters everything, for me, and for Rosie. Poor Austin is gone — I am Sir Bernard Rivers."

Was there pride in his tone — that hard, bitter pride which so often creeps into a heart from which love has been ruthlessly driven? Hannah could not tell; but when they parted, as they did a few minutes after, coldly shaking hands like common acquaintances, she felt that it was really a parting, such an one as they had never had before; a separation of souls, which in all this world might never be united again.

#### CHAPTER XVI.

"This is the end — the end of all."

So Hannah said to herself when Bernard had left, and she realized that they had truly parted — parted in anger and coldness, after many bitter words spoken on both sides. She repeated it morning after morning, as days went wearily by; and no letter came — he who was always so punctual in writing. Evidently, then, he meant the parting to be final. He had thrust her entirely out of his new life, in which she could henceforward have no part or lot.

This, under the circumstances, was so inevitable, that at first she scarcely blamed him. She only blamed herself for not having long ago foreseen that out of their utterly false position no good end could come — no end but that, indeed, which had come. She had lost him in every relation — as lover — as brother — even as friend. It was sure to be — sooner or later; and yet when the blow did fall, it was a very heavy one; and many times a day she bent under the weight of it in complete abandonment of sorrow.

Not for long, however; women with children cannot afford to grieve for long.

The very first morning, when she had to explain to Rosie that papa was gone away home, and would not come back again for a good while (she did it in Grace's presence, who opened wide eyes, but said nothing), there was something in the bright face of her "sunshiny child" which soothed her pain. And when, in the strange way that children say the most opportune as well as inopportune things, Rosie sidled up to her, whispering, "Tannie not going away and leave Rosie. Tannie never leave Rosie" — she clasped her to her breast in a passion of tenderness, which was only checked by Rosie's distressed discovery of "Tannie tying."

Of course Tannie immediately dried her eyes, and cried no more — in the child's sight at any rate.

Nor in anybody's sight for she was one of those who find it not only best, but easiest, to "die and make no sign." Uncovering her wounds would only have made them bleed the more. Besides, what good would it have done? What help could come? Unless the law was altered, the only possibility of marriage for her and Bernard lay in that course which Madame Arthenay had suggested, and which he, with his strong English feeling, and the intensity of all his home affections and associations, had at once set aside as "impossible;" and, knowing him as she did, Hannah agreed that it was impossible. But she would not have him judged or criticized by others who knew him less than she. If there was one little sore place in her heart, she would plaster it over — hide it until it was healed.

Therefore, when Madame Arthenay came as usual, she delivered, in carefully-planned phrases, the message Sir Bernard had left; and though the good old lady looked surprised, and evidently guessed — no woman with common womanly penetration could help guessing — that something painful had happened; still, as Hannah said nothing, she inquired nothing, but gave, with a tact and delicacy that won her new friend's love for her whole future life, the best sympathy that even old friends can give sometimes — the sympathy of silence.

They fell back into their old ways, and after a few days, this brief, bright visit of Sir Bernard's might never have been, so completely did it cease to be spoken of. Sometimes, in the midst of her innocent play, little Rosie would make a passing reference to "papa," which Aunt Hannah answered with a heart that first leaped wildly, and then sank down, aching with a

dull, continual pain. Evidently, not even for his child's sake would Sir Bernard write to her or have any thing to do with her. He had pushed out of his new and prosperous life not only her, but poor Rosie, whom he had left without asking for one good-by kiss. Even the father in him was destroyed by his wretched position with regard to herself, and would be more and more so as time went on. Perhaps it was better even for that, that the end had come — that there could be no doubt as to their future relations any more.

She thought so — she forced herself to think so — when at last the long-expected letter arrived. It was very brief; and he used to write whole sheets to her every week! And upon its courteously formal tone could he put but one interpretation.

"MY DEAR HANNAH,—I send the usual monthly check doubled, that you and my daughter may have every luxury that Avanches affords, and which, indeed, my new circumstances make desirable and necessary.

"If you do not dislike the place, I should like you to winter there; and, with the friendship and protection of good Madame Arthenay, to try and make it your home — as much home as you can.

"I will say no more at present, being fully occupied with family affairs, and with others which time will disclose, but of which I do not wish to speak till they are more matured. In the mean time I remain always your sincere friend,

"BERNARD RIVERS."

That was all. No anger, no reproaches, no love. No, not a particle — of either lover's love or brother's love — of all that she had become so used to, gradually growing and growing, that how she should live on without it she did not know. Kind he was, kind and thoughtful still — it was his nature, he could not be otherwise — but all personal feeling seemed obliterated. It often happens so with men — at least Hannah had heard of such things — when thwarted passion suddenly cools down, like red-hot iron under a stream of water, and hardens into something totally unlike its old self, the impress of which it ever after retains. This is the only way of accounting for many things — especially for one thing which women can not understand — that sudden marriage after a disappointed love, which is so common and so fatal.

Evidently he could not forgive her; could not restore her to even her old sisterly place with him. He had dropped

her as completely out of his life as a weed out of his garden, now only an incumbance and a reproach.

Well, so it must be. Hannah wondered how she ever could have expected anything else. She felt just a little sorry for herself—in a vague, abstract way—and fancied other people might be too, if they knew it all. Madame Arthenay, unto whom—to save all explanations—she gave Sir Bernard's letter (alas, all the world might have read it!)—Lady Dunsmore, whose correspondence was as regular and affectionate as ever, but who now never mentioned the name of Rivers; and, lastly, poor faithful Grace, who followed her mistress with yearning eyes, doing every thing that humble devotion could do to give her pleasure or to save her pain, but never saying one single word. These two Pariahs of society—as Hannah sometimes in her heart bitterly called herself and her servant—clung to one another with a silent trust which was a comfort to both.

But their greatest comfort was the child. Rosie flourished like a flower. Every day in her young life brought some new and wonderful development. That miraculous study of a growing human soul lay patent before Hannah every day, soothing, calming, and interesting her, till sometimes she became almost reconciled to her pain. It was not the sharp agony of youth—she was accustomed to sorrow—but this sorrow had come too late to be cured. She knew it would not kill her; but she also knew that it would last her life. She had been a long time in loving Bernard; but now that she did love him, it was with a depth and intensity which those only know to whom love is the last remnant of that *dolce primavera*—that sweet heart-spring time—after which nothing can be looked for but winter and old age.

She wondered how her years would pass—the years which would make little Rosie into a woman. And she wondered very much about the child, how she should be educated, and where. Sir Bernard only spoke of their wintering at Avranches—having no further plans for Rosie's future; nor had he ever had any that Hannah knew of. He had seemed to take it for granted that they three—she, himself, and the child—would always be together, and that there was no need to decide any thing. In what manner he might wish his daughter—an important personage now, as Miss Rivers of the Moat House—to be brought up, Hannah had not the slightest idea.

However, one day, when they were driving through this smiling Norman country, where the long lines of poplars had not yet dropped a single leaf, and the quaint old trees of the endless apple-orchards stood each with a glowing heap of dropped fruit round its feet, making Rosie clap her hands in delight, the little woman herself settled that question.

"Lots of apples! Rosie likes apples. Rosie stay here always, and get lots of apples."

A sentence which startled Hannah into deeper and more anxious thought than she had yet expended on her child's future. Truly her child's; she had now none of her own. She never for a moment deceived herself that to her happiness would ever come—that happiness which had fled from her all her life like a beautiful mirage. Only, by the mercy of God, she had been made—as she sometimes thought, with that bitter laugh that is akin to tears—a rugged old camel, who could bear endless burdens, endure weariness and hunger and thirst. The desert would be crossed some day, and she should lie down and rest.

But, in the mean time, would it be good for Rosie to remain in France, ignorant of her English ties—ignorant, above all, of her father, whom already, with the easy forgetfulness of her age, she seldom spoke about? What seemed at first a relief became to Hannah by-and-by a serious care.

Would she be quite right in binding Sir Bernard to the promise—which she knew he himself would never break—that Rosie should be with her always? In the years to come might not this deprive both father and daughter of the greatest blessing of their lives?

Hannah remembered—in the utter blotting out of hope it was doubly sweet to remember—how tenderly she had loved her own father; how after her mother's death she had been his constant companion and friend, with a tie so close that even his disapproval of the attachment between her and Arthur could not break it. This tie—the love between father and eldest daughter—Rosie would in all human probability never know.

Then, too, around Bernard, so young a man still, would soon spring up not only new interests, but new ties. She tried to fancy him Sir Bernard Rivers, master of the Moat House—and what a noble master he would make!—beloved by all the country-side, bringing to it in due time a new Lady Rivers, fair and sweet as his

first wife had been, and perhaps raising up in honour and happiness a numerous family—Rosie's brothers and sisters—to whom poor Rosie would be even less than she was to her father—a stranger, an interloper, unto whom the dear associations of kindred blood were only a name.

Forecasting all this, seeing it with a cruelly clear prevision, as the inevitable result of things, Hannah, even while she clasped her darling to her bosom, sometimes doubted whether hers were not a fatal love, which might one day overcloud, instead of brightening, the future of this her "sunshiny child."

"I may have to do it some time," she said to herself, not daring even in thought to particularize what "it" meant. "But I can't do it yet—not yet. My one blessing—the only bit of blessedness left me in this world!"

And night after night, when she lay listening to the soft breathing, thanking God that her treasure was still hers, close beside her, looking to her and her alone, for the providing of every pleasure, the defense from every ill that the innocent young life could know, Hannah wetted her pillow with her tears.

"I can not do it; even if I ought, I can not," she moaned; and then let the struggle cease. She was not strong enough to struggle now. She rather let herself drift, without oar or sail, just where the waters carried her. Bitter waters they were, but she knew they were carrying her slowly and surely home.

In this dreamy state she remained during the whole of the brief, bright lull of the St. Martin's summer, which lasted longer than usual in Normandy this year, busying herself chiefly in planning pleasures for the two on whom life's burdens had either not yet fallen, or were near being laid down—the old lady and the child. With them, and Grace, she wandered every where near Avranches, and made herself familiar with every nook of this pleasant country, which Bernard in his letter had suggested she should try to substitute for "home." Well, what did it matter? It was little consequence where she and Rosie lived, so that they were far away from him. This must have been what he meant, and she accepted it as such.

With her usual habit of what he had sometimes called "horrid resignation," she had almost grown fond of the place, and even, in a sense, was happy in it, when one day there arose upon the strange, stupor-like peace of her daily life one of

those sudden blasts of fate—like the equinoctial wind in which the St. Martin's summer ended—a storm noted in this neighbourhood for years by the destruction which it had spread. Hannah never heard it spoken of afterwards without recalling that particular day, and all that happened thereon.

The hurricane had lasted for twenty-four hours, and was still unabated, when, restless with staying in-doors, she went out—alone, of course—which was unusual; but any danger there might be must not happen to the child. For herself, she used once rather to enjoy danger, to exult in a high wind, as being something to fight against; but now, when she passed out of the town, and saw the desolation that a few hours had made—tall poplars, snapped like straws, lying prone at the road-side; apple-orchards, in which there was scarcely a tree not mutilated, and many were torn up completely by the roots—she ceased to delight in the storm. She battled with it, however, as long as she could, though it was almost like beating against a stone wall; and then, unable to fight more, she sank, exhausted, in the first sheltered corner she could find.

"How weak I must be growing!" said poor Hannah to herself; and, catching sight of her favourite Mont St. Michel, the solitary rock, with its castled crown, looking seaward over its long stretch of sandy bay, the tears sprang to her eyes. Alas! there was no St. Michael to fight for her—no strong archangel to unsheath his glittering sword in defense of right or in destruction of wrong. She was a lonely woman, with not a creature to defend her—neither father, brother, husband, nor lover. Also, she was powerless to defend herself; she knew—she felt—that her fighting days were all done. That ghostly gleam of love and hope which had brightened her life, had passed away even like this St. Martin's summer, in storm and tempest, and would never come back any more.

Tired—so tired that she could scarcely crawl—Hannah retraced her steps, hastening them a little, as she found it was near post-time, and then smiling sadly at herself for so doing. What could the post bring her? Nothing, of course. Her last letter to Sir Bernard, a mere imitation of his own, acknowledging his money—which she had no conscience-stings about taking, for she spent it all upon Rosie—and agreeing to his proposal of their wintering at Avranches, had remained now three weeks unanswered. Better so, per-



haps. Total silence was far less painful than such a correspondence.

There was one English letter—for Grace—which, as it bore the Easterham post-mark, she took to her herself, and lingered half involuntarily while it was opened and read.

"No bad news, I trust?"—for Grace had uttered an exclamation, and seemed a good deal disturbed. "No harm happened to—to any one belonging to you?"

For though Grace now seldom mentioned Jem Dixon's name, they both knew that he was still at Easterham, slowly drinking himself to death—partly, he declared, because, since Grace left him, he had such a wretched home. Continually there was the chance of hearing that he had come to some ill end, and Hannah was uncertain how much Grace might feel it, or whether, in that case, she would not desire to go back at once to her sister's children, for whom she had had so strong an affection.

"No, ma'am," she said, looking at Miss Thelluson half inquisitively, half compassionately, "it's no harm, so to speak, come to any body. It's only a wedding they tell me of, a wedding I didn't expect, and I'm very sorry for it."

"Of some friend or relation of yours—and you don't quite like it, I see? Never mind, it may turn out better than you think; marriages sometimes do, I suppose."

A commonplace, absently-uttered sentiment; but Hannah was often very absent now. Life and its interests seemed fading daily from her, as from people who are going to die, and from whom, mercifully perhaps, all the outer world gradually recedes, growing indistinct and colorless as at twilight time; but also calm—very calm. She could not rouse herself even into her old quick sympathy with other people's troubles, though she saw that Grace was very much troubled about this letter, and continued so all day. Once upon a time the kind mistress would have questioned her about it, but now she took no notice, not till the two were together in the nursery, sharing the little bit of innocent fun with which Rosie always concluded their day. For Rosie was the drollest little woman at her bed-time, playing such antics in her bath, and carrying on the most amusing conversation while she ate her supper, that neither aunt nor nurse could forbear laughing. But to-night it was different, and the sharp little eyes soon detected that.

"Look, Tannie," she whispered myste-

riously, "Dacie 'tying. Dacie hurt herself p'raps. Poor Dacie 'tying."

And in truth Grace, who stood behind her mistress and the child, had just wiped her eyes upon the towel she held.

"No; I haven't hurt myself, and it isn't myself I'm crying for. Never mind me, Miss Rosie."

"But we do mind, don't we?" and Miss Thelluson put her hand kindly on the nurse's shoulder as she knelt. "You shall tell me all about it presently. In the mean time, don't vex yourself more than you can help. Nothing in life is worth grieving for very much—at least, I often think so." And Hannah sighed. "We have but to do our duty, and be as content as we can. Everything is passing away—soon passing away."

Grace's tears fell only the faster. "It isn't myself, ma'am—oh, please don't think that! I am not unhappy now. You are so kind to me, and then I have Miss Rosie; but what vexes me is this wedding I've heard about, and how people will take it, and—"

"Oh, I dare say it will all come right soon," said Hannah, listlessly, rocking her little one in her arms, and feeling that love and lovers and weddings were things belonging to a phase of existence as far back as the world before the flood. Who may the people be? Any body I know?"

Grace stopped a minute before she answered, and then said, dropping her eyes, "Is it possible, ma'am, that you don't know?"

"How should I know?"

"I thought—I have been thinking all day, surely he must have told you."

"Who told me?"

"Master—Sir Bernard. It's his wedding that my sister tells me about. Oh dear! oh dear!"

All the blood in Hannah's heart stood still. Had it not been for the unmistakable meaning of Grace's sorrow, and the necessity of self-command that it enforced, she might have fainted; but her strong will conquered. She did not "give way," as women call it by any outward sign.

"Is Sir Bernard married? There must be some mistake. He would, as you say, certainly have told me."

"No; I didn't mean that he was exactly married, but that he is going to be. All the village says it. And to the last person I'd ever have thought he would marry—Miss Alice Melville."

"Hush!" said Hannah, glancing at the

child; for Rosie, already growing a dangerous little person to speak before, was listening with all her eyes and ears. Happily, in the silence into which his name had fallen, she had not yet learned to identify "papa" with "Sir Bernard," so that as soon as she had got over her natural indignation at seeing aunt and nurse speaking of something which did not include her, who at this hour especially was always their sole object of attention, she curled sleepily down in Tannie's arms, a round little ball, with the pink toes sticking out from under the white night-gown—begging earnestly for "'Four-and-twenty blackbirds baked in a pie,' just once, once more."

And Hannah sang it, without a mistake, which the small listener would have detected immediately—without a break in her voice either. For Grace also was listening—Grace, who might go back to Easterham any day, and tell Easterham any thing. Not that she thought Grace would, but she might. And now, above all, whatever Easterham guessed, it must never be given the slightest certainty that Sir Bernard had ever been aught to her except a brother-in-law.

Therefore Hannah laid Rosie peacefully in her crib, going through all the little ceremonies of tucking in and smoothing down, the "one, one more 'little song,'" and the "two tises," which had been their mutual nightly delight for so long. Then she left her darling happy and at rest, and walked slowly down stairs, Grace following. Thankfully would she have fled away, and hidden herself any where out of sight, but this could not be. So she looked steadily in her servant's face.

"Now tell me all about this report concerning Sir Bernard."

It was a very natural and probable one, as reports go, and seemed to have been generally accepted at Easterham. The two were continually seen together at the Grange and the Moat House, and it was said they only waited for their mutual mourning to end, in order to fix their wedding-day. More especially as, many years ago, when they were mere boy and girl, they were supposed to have been fond of one another.

"She was fond of him, at any rate," Grace declared. "We servants all thought so when I lived at the Grange. She was a nice, pretty young lady, too. But she isn't young now, of course; not pretty either; only she is very, very good—capital about parish things, and so on; and the kindest heart in the world to poor

folks's children. She was so kind to mine," added Grace with a sob.

Hannah again laid her hands soothingly on her servant's shoulder, but with a strangely absent look.

"Not young—not pretty—only very good. She would make a good wife to him, no doubt."

"Yes," said Grace, hesitating. "Only—who'd ever have thought of master's wanting her? I didn't, I'm sure. Why, nice as she is, she isn't fit to hold a candle to—"

Hannah stopped her, terrified. "Hush, you forget yourself. Sir Bernard's servant has no right to discuss his future wife. You will displease me exceedingly if you say another word on the subject."

Had there been the slightest betrayal on Hannah's part, the poor nurse's heart would have overflowed. As it was, she was simply bewildered.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Thelluson. Us poor servants have no right, I suppose, to be sorry for our betters. But I was sorry many a time, because I thought—"

"Think nothing at all, say nothing at all, either to me or to any one. My sister has been dead three years; her husband is at perfect liberty to marry again as soon as he chooses. And he could hardly marry a better person than Miss Melville. I am—very glad."

"Are you?" said Grace, looking at her very earnestly. And then Hannah, driven to bay, and feeling the fierce necessity of the moment, looked back at Grace and, almost for the first time in her life, acted a lie.

"Certainly. Why should I not be glad of my brother-in-law's marriage?"

There was no answer, of course. Grace, completely puzzled, ventured no more; but putting the letter in her pocket, begged pardon once again, and, sighing, went away.

So far, then, Hannah was safe. She had borne the blow, nor allowed her servant to suspect what a death-blow it was; nay, she had even succeeded in concealing the fact that it had come upon her unawares. Poor innocent hypocrite! the lessons taught by the last bitter year and a half had not been lost upon her. But when Grace was gone she sat utterly paralyzed.

Over and over again she had repeated to herself that all was at an end between her and Bernard; but she had never contemplated such an end as this. So sudden, too,—scarcely six weeks from the time she had parted from him—when he had

been her ardent, despairing, desperate lover; furious because she would not sacrifice every thing for him, as he said he was ready to do for her. And now he was quite ready to marry another woman. Could it be true? Was it probable—possible?

Something in Hannah's secret heart whispered that it was; that his impulsiveness of temperament, his extreme affectionateness and corresponding need of affection, made a hasty marriage like this, to one whom he knew well, and who had always been fond of him, not incomprehensible even to her. And yet—and yet—

"He might have waited—just a little while; have mourned for me just for a few weeks—a few months—as he did for my poor Rosa."

And her tears dropped fast—fast; not the scalding tears of youth, but very bitter tears, nevertheless. She had loved him so well, had endured so much for him, had had such a bright dream of what she was to him. Could it have been only a dream? Would any other woman be just as dear to him as she? And though she did not faint, or shriek, or moan, or do any of those desperate things which tragic heroines are supposed to indulge in upon hearing of the marriage of their lovers; though she went to bed and slept, and rose next morning just as if nothing had happened, still Hannah felt that something had happened—something which would make the world look never quite the same as it looked yesterday.

That yesterday was the last day she crossed the threshold for two whole weeks. The doctor said she ought not to have gone out in the high wind; that, out of health as she was before, it had caught her in some way, affected her breathing, smitten her at her heart. At which Miss Thelusion smiled. She knew she was "smitten to the heart."

But it was very convenient—this illness. It saved her from all need of physical exertion, even of talking. She could just turn her face to the wall, and lie quiet, and do nothing. She felt for the first time in her life not the slightest inclination to do any thing. Even when she rose from her bed the same incapacity continued, till sometimes Rosie's innocent prattle was almost too much for her, and she felt herself turning sick and faint, and saw with a dread indescribable, Madame Arthenay or Grace carry the child away from her, and keep her out of her sight for hours at a time.

"What if, by-and-by, this were to be constantly the case? What if this condition of hers was the forerunner of long and serious illness—perhaps the consumption which was said to be in the family, though in this generation her cousin Arthur had been its only victim? Suppose she were to fall sick and die? She began to have a feeling—was it sweet or sad?—that she *could* die, and that of mere sorrow. And, then, what would become of the child?"

"Oh, my Rosie, if ever there should come a time when you were left forlorn with nobody to love you, when you might blame poor Tannie for having stolen you and kept you away from all those who might have loved you! If ever Tannie should die!"

"Tannie die? What's dat? Rosie don't like it!" said the little thing to whom she had been talking. She had two ways of talking to her darling. One which Rosie could perfectly comprehend: long conversations about flowers, and beasts, and people, and things, and all sorts of subjects in which the child's intelligence was receptive to a degree that sometimes utterly amazed the grown woman. The other was a trick she had of speaking simply for her own relief, in a fashion that Rosie could not comprehend at all. But, baby as she was, she comprehended the anxious face, the tremulous voice, and repeated, with that pathetic droop of the lips that always foreboded tears, "Rosie don't like it."

Hannah changed her tone immediately. "Come here, my pet; Tannie won't die, then. She couldn't afford it just yet. But listen a minute. Would Rosie like to go and see papa? Be papa's girl again, and play about in the pretty garden, and the greenhouse, and the nursery? Rosie remembers them all?"

"Yes," said the little decisive voice—Rosie never had the slightest doubt in her own baby mind about anything. "Rosie will go and see papa—soon, very soon. Tannie come too."

Hannah turned away, and could not answer at first. Then she said, "But perhaps Tannie might not come too. Rosie would be content with papa?"

"No"—there was entire decision in this likewise—"Rosie not go to papa unless Tannie come too. Rosie don't want papa. Rosie will stop with Tannie."

And the little woman, squatting down on Tannie's pillow with an air of having quite settled the whole affair, turned her whole undivided attention to a doll, whose

eyes would open and shut, and who was much more interesting to her than any papa in the world.

But Rosie's unconscious words aroused in her aunt a dread that had once awakened and been silenced: the fear that, as time went on, this complete severance would produce its natural result; the child would become indifferent to the father, and the father to the child. For, let people talk as they will about the ties of blood, it is association which really produces the feeling which is termed "natural affection." Deprived of this, and then deprived of herself, Rosie might in a few years be left as lonely a creature, save for money, as her aunt Hannah once had been — ~~ay~~, and was now, save for this one darling, the sole treasure saved out of her wrecked life. But was it lawfully and righteously hers?

There is a story, I believe a true one — most women will feel that it might have been true — of a Highland mother, who, traveling from one glen to another, was caught in a snow-storm, and lost for twenty-four hours. When found — that is, her body was found — she had stripped off every thing but her shift to cover the child. It was alive still, just alive; but the mother, of course, was dead.

Hannah Thelluson, as she lay awake all through this night, the first night that they brought back Rosie's crib to its old place by her bedside — for she insisted she could sleep better if they did so — was not unlike that poor Highland woman.

Next morning she said, in a quiet, almost cheerful tone, "Grace, do you think you could pack up all our things in a day? For I want, if possible, to go back to England to-morrow."

"Go back to England!"

"Yes. What do you say to that, Rosie?" fixing her eyes on the child's face; and then, as a sudden gush blinded them, turning away, and contenting herself with feeling the soft cheeks and the rings of silky hair — as that Highland mother might have done when the death-mists were gathering over her eyes. "Will Rosie go back and see papa, and be papa's own little girl again? Papa will be so fond of her."

"Yes," assented the little oracle, and immediately proved her recollection of her father and her lively appreciation of his paternal duties by breaking her doll's head against the bed-post, and then saying, in a satisfied tone, "Never mind. All right. Rosie take dolly to papa. Papa will mend it!"

In a week from that time, traveling as fast as her strength allowed, yet haunted by a vague dread that it would not last her till she reached England, Hannah arrived in London.

Only in London, at a hotel; for she had no house to go to — no friend. Lady Dunsmore happened to be at a country seat; but, even if not, it would have been all the same. What she had to do no one could help her in — no one could advise her upon; it must be solely between herself and Bernard. And the sooner it was done the better. She felt this more and more every hour. The struggle was growing frightful.

"I was right," she said to herself, when, as soon as the need for exertion was over, she sank, utterly exhausted, and was obliged to leave to Grace the whole charge of everything, including the child, and lie, listening to the roll of endless wheels below the hotel window — as ceaseless as the roar of the sea, and as melancholy — "I was quite right! It is best to resign everything. I can not trust myself any more."

The first minute that her hands ceased from shaking, she wrote the decisive letter.

"DEAR FRIEND" (she first put "Bernard," then "brother," finally "friend." He was that still; at least she had never given him cause to be the contrary). — "I have, against your wish, returned to England, though only for a few days' stay, in consequence of having accidentally discovered the matter to which I suppose your last letter referred; though, as you have never plainly told me, I will not refer to it here. But I think it ought to modify our future arrangements, which I should like to talk over with you. If you will come and see me here, me and Rosie, half an hour would, I think, suffice to decide all, and I could go back to France at once.

"I remain, with every wish for your happiness in your new life, your affectionate friend,

"HANNAH THELUSON."

After that she had nothing more to do but to wait, and watch day darken into night, and night brighten back into day — the dreary London day, all loneliness and noise — till Sir Bernard came.

He came earlier than she could have believed it possible. He must at once have taken a night train from Easterham, which he owned he had; but, though he looked very tired, he was neither so agitated nor so confused as he might naturally have been under the circumstances.

"Why in the world did you take such a journey, Hannah?" was all he said, on

entering; then, perceiving Grace and the child, he stepped back, and caught his little daughter in his arms.

"My pretty one! Run away, nurse, and leave her to me. I want to have her all to myself. What, Rosie! Has she forgotten papa! Two tisses!—lots of tisses! Papa's darling! Papa's lamb!"

Of one thing Hannah was certain, Sir Bernard was unfeignedly glad to see his child. No lack of fatherly love, even though he was going to be married. It gave that poor heart which he had forsaken a thrill of joy to see how tenderly he caressed his little "lamb"—the motherless lamb, that might have perished but for her, and which her care had now nurtured into a creature that, among any number of children, would be always the flower of the flock, so pretty had she grown, so winning, so clever, and withal such a good and loving child. Any father might be proud of Rosie. And as she clung about Sir Bernard, remembering all his old tricks with her, as if they had only parted last week, the two seemed perfectly happy together, and even like one another—with that strange family likeness which comes and goes in little faces, but which Hannah saw now as she had never seen before. Yes, Rosie was decidedly like him, and they would grow up to be a true father and daughter—one of the dearest and sweetest bonds that human nature can know.

She had quite forgotten herself—a trick she had, poor Hannah! in watching them, and speculating upon them and their future—when she felt both her hands taken, one by her child's soft little fingers, the other by the strong clasp of a man.

"Hannah, can you forgive me? I have sometimes feared you never would!"

"What for?"

"For my unreasoning anger—my frantic love; above all, for having asked of you a sacrifice which no man should ask or accept from any woman. I knew this, felt it, the instant I came to my right senses, which was as soon as ever you were out of sight; but it was too late to tell you so. Forgive me. You will have no need to forgive me anything again."

"I know that," said Hannah, slowly, and waited for the next words he would say—words which would surely be confirmation of all she had heard. So sure was she of it that she did not withdraw her hand; she even, seeing that his manner was not agitated, but even cheerful, began to think whether now it would not be possible to go back, in degree, to their old cordial relations; whether he could not be again her

brother-in-law—and Alice Melville's husband. Still, something in her manner seemed to startle him.

"Know? what can you know? Not, surely, anything about these future plans of mine, which, for both our sakes, I have carried out, unknown to you until now?"

"Nevertheless, I have found them out," said Hannah, with a faint smile. "In these things, you see, a bird of the air often carries the matter. I am aware of it all."

"Of it all? Who could have told you? And what?"

"That you are going to be married."

Sir Bernard started; then half smiled. But he offered not the slightest contradiction.

Hannah, perfectly convinced, conscious of only one wild impulse to get through what she had to say, that it might be all over and done, went on speaking.

"Married, as I hear, to Alice Melville, which is a choice that must satisfy every body. That is the reason I came back to England. She is a good woman, who would be a good mother to my child. And I feel very weak and ill. I have been ill—"

"My poor Hannah! And you never told me?"

"Why should I? I only tell you now because it frightens me about Rosie's future. She ought to have safer protection than mine. She ought to have a brighter life than any I can give her. So I came to say"—Hannah drew her breath hard and fast—"if you want her back, I will give her up—to you and Alice. Only, first—I must speak to Alice—must make her promise—"

Just then tiny fingers ringed themselves round Hannah's cold hand, against which Rosie laid her cheek, in a caressing way she had. It was too much—the strong heart altogether gave way, and she sat down sobbing.

Sir Bernard had listened, quite confounded at first, then silently watched her.

"Oh Hannah, you good, good woman!" was all he said, and, taking out of her arms little Rosie, now sobbing as piteously as she, disappeared from the room with the child.

Then it was really true, this marriage: he did not deny it. And he accepted her sacrifice of her darling. Well, once made, she could not retract it, even had she desired to do so. But she did not desire. She only wished to see Rosie safe, and then go away and die. This once, once more, for the last time in her life, she accepted



the inevitable. It was God's will, and it must be.

Long before Sir Bernard came back she had dried her eyes, and waited, as she thought she ought to wait, for any thing he had to say—any final arrangements they might require to make. There was a chair opposite, but he sat down beside her and took her hand.

"Hannah, I want to speak half a dozen quiet words to you, which I should not have said till spring, but I had better say them now. It is quite true I am going to be married, and as soon as I possibly can. I am not fitted for a lonely life. Mine will be worthless to myself, my fellow-creatures, my God, unless I accept the blessing He offers me, and marry the woman I love. But that woman is—not Alice Melville."

"Not Alice Melville!"

"How could you ever think it was? She is very good, and we are fast friends—indeed, she has advised with me in all my plans, and we have been very much together of late, which may account for this report. How could you believe it?" and he smiled—his old, winning, half-mischievous smile. "As Rosie would say—by-the-bye, how she has grown, that dear little girl of ours;—'papa don't like it.'"

Hannah had borne sorrow—but she could not bear joy; she was too weak for it. Her lips tried to speak, and failing that, to smile, but it was in vain. She sank, quite insensible, in Bernard's arms.

It was a good many hours before she was able to hear those "half a dozen quiet words" which were to change the whole current of her life—of both their lives.

The plan which Madame Arthenay had first suggested—of naturalizing himself in France, changing his domicile, and marrying as a French citizen, according to French law—had, immediately after his parting from Hannah, recurred again and again to Sir Bernard's mind as the only solution of their difficulty. On consulting the Dunsdales on the subject, they also had seen the matter in the same light. Though session after session Lord Dunsdales determined to bring forward his favorite Bill, still years might elapse before it was passed and became law, and until then there was no hope of marriage in England for Hannah and Bernard.

"You mustn't ask it or desire it," said Lady Dunsdales, ignorant—and she always remained ignorant—that he ever had asked it. "A woman like her would never consent. And she is right. To

break your country's laws, however unjust they may be, and then expect its protection, is like disobeying one's father. We must do it—if compelled by his unjust exactions—but we ought to quit his house first."

So there was no alternative but for Sir Bernard to make the sacrifice—as hard for him as Hannah's renunciation of Rosie had been for her—and give up England for ever. His profession likewise—since no man with a conscience could break the canon law and yet remain a clergyman.

"And I have a conscience, though they do not think so at the Moat House," said he, faintly smiling. That smile and his worn looks alone betrayed to Hannah the sufferings he must have gone through in making up his plans—now all decided, and set in train. In fact he had already renounced every thing, and prepared himself to begin a new career in a foreign land.

"I can do it, in one sense," he continued, "easier than most men—because of my large private fortune. I mean to buy the Château St. Roque, which you liked so much. Did you not say you could cheerfully spend your whole life there? Perhaps you may."

Hannah smiled; and there came across her memory a trembling flash of that pleasant place—with the four towers looking at themselves in the water, and the green upland gardens and meadows on either hand.

"Yes," she whispered, "we could be very happy there. It would not be so very dreadful to live in France, would it?"

"At least, we must not say so to our good friend, Madame Arthenay, or to our new compatriots. And I hope I am not so very insular as to see charms in no country except my own. Besides, am I not replanting my family tree where its old roots came from? Who knows? Years hence I may revive the glory of my Norman ancestors by making a speech, in my very best French, before the Chamber of Deputies. What say you, Hannah? Shall we shake British dust entirely off our feet, and start afresh as Monsieur and Madame de la Rivière? Great fun that!"

The boyish phrase—and the almost boyish laugh that accompanied it—comforted Hannah more than he knew. Heavy as his heart was now, and sore with his hard renunciations, there was in him that elastic nature which, grief once overpast, refuses to dwell upon it—but lives in the present and enjoys the future. And he was still young enough to have a future—

to open up new paths for himself, and carry them out nobly; to live in content and die in honour, even though it was far away from the dear England where he was born.

"But it costs you so much—ah, so much!" said Hannah, mournfully.

"Yes, but I have counted the cost; and—if you will not scold me for saying so—I think you worth it all. Many men become voluntary exiles for the sake of wealth, convenience, or whim: why should not I for love? Love—which is duty also, when one is loved back again."

Hannah smiled, knowing he was one of those whom it makes not conceited or tyrannical, but strong and happy, to be loved back again."

"Besides," he continued, "I have not much love to leave behind: my sisters are all married—Bertha will be next spring. No one will miss me; nor perhaps shall I soon come to miss any thing—except a few graves in Easterham churchyard."

He stopped, and that last bitterness of exile—the clinging to the very sod of one's own land, the sod which covers our dead—came over him, sad and sore. Those graves—buried in them lay all his childhood, his youth, his brief, happy married life with the wife whom—though he seldom spoke of her now—Hannah knew he had no more forgotten than she had forgotten her lost Arthur. Time had healed all wounds: life and its duties had strengthened them both—strengthened them into that calm happiness which sometimes, after much sorrow, God sees fit to send and which it is good to accept and be thankful for. But—as for forgetting! she said nothing, only drew Bernard's head softly to her shoulder, and let him there weep the tears of which no man need be ashamed.

By-and-by she asked about Bertha's marriage, which was to a gentleman in the neighborhood whom she had refused several times, but accepted at last. He was very rich, if not very clever or very wise.

"Still, she might have done worse. He is a good fellow, and we all like the match; except, perhaps, Melville, who speaks sharply about it sometimes; but Bertha only laughs at him, and says she shall please herself, in spite of brothers-in-law."

Hannah looked keenly at Bernard while he spoke; but he did so in utter unsuspectingness. Evidently he had never guessed in the smallest degree, the secret grief of his sister Adeline, the canker of her mar-

ried life, that jealousy of her sister, from which all the restrictions of the law could not save her, no more than the terror of the Divorce Court can save poor miserable souls to whom vice is pleasanter than virtue. But to this right-minded, honest man, intrenched within the sacredness of a happy marriage, the one idea would have been almost as untenable as the other. Hannah was certain that, dearly as Bernard loved her now, had Rosa lived, she might have come about their house continually, and he would have had no sort of feeling for her beyond the affectionate interest that a man may justly take in his wife's sister, or cousin, or friend—the honorable chivalric tenderness for all women which only proves how deeply the one woman he has chosen is enshrined in his heart.

So what he had never once suspected she never told him—and no one else was ever likely to do so. Adeline's sufferings were buried with her. So best.

"And now," said Bernard, "I must say good-by. And I shall not see you again till we meet on board the Havre steamer to-morrow."

For he had arranged already that she should go back at once—avoiding the very appearance of evil—and remain with Madame Arthenay until he came to marry her, which, if possible, should be in spring.

"I shall come, like Napoleon, with the violets, and by then we must have these thin cheeks rounded, and these grave eyes looking as bright and merry as Rosie's. I used to say, you know, there was no telling which was most of a baby, Tannie or Rosie. By-the-bye, she must cease to say 'Tannie' and learn to say 'mamma.'"

Hannah burst into tears.

"Yes, there is one thing I am not afraid of," said she, when her full heart had a little relieved itself of its felicity. "I know I shall be a good mother to your child. What I am afraid of is whether I shall be a sufficiently good wife to you. You might have married almost any woman you liked— young, rich, pretty; while I—look here, Bernard."

She lifted up her hair, and showed him the long stripes of gray already coming—faster than ever since the trouble of the last two years; but he only kissed the place, repeating Cowper's lines, which he reminded her they had often read together in those long, quiet evenings which would all come back again when the one deep and lasting bliss of married life, compan-

ionship, would be theirs without alloy—companionship, which even in friendship alone, without marriage, had been so sweet:

"Thy silver locks, once auburn bright,  
Are still as lovely to my sight  
As golden beams of orient light—  
My Mary."

"Nó, Hannah," he said, "I am not afraid—neither of our new life nor of ourselves. I know what a man marries a woman for—not for this beauty or that, this quality or that peculiarity; but because she suits him, sympathizes with him, is able to make him a better man than he ever was before—as you have made me. If I had let you go, I should have been not only a coward, but a fool. I take you just as you are, 'with all your imperfections on your head,' as I hope you will take me?"

"Yes," she said, laughing, though the tears were in her eyes.

"Very well, then. Let us be content."

He put his arms about her, and stood looking deep down into her eyes. He was much handsomer than she, brighter, and younger-looking; yet there was something in Hannah's face which, with all its handsomeness, his had not—a certain spiritual charm, which, when a man once recognizes it in a woman, is an attraction as mysterious as it is irresistible—makes him crave for her as the one necessity of his existence, risk every thing in order to win her, and, having won her, love her to the last with a passion that survives all change, all decay. What this charm was, probably Bernard himself could not have told; but Lady Dunsmore, speaking of Hannah, once characterized it as being "a combination of the angel and the child."

#### CHAPTER XVII.

THERE is a picture familiar to many, for it was in the Great Exhibition of 1851, and few stopped to look at it without tears—"The Last Look of Home," by Ford Madox Browne. Merely a bit of a ship's side—one of those emigrant ships such as are constantly seen at Liverpool, or other ports whence they sail—with its long rows of dangling cabbages, and its utter confusion of cargo and passengers. There, indifferent to all, and intently gazing on the receding shore, sit two persons—undoubtedly a man and his wife—emigrants—and bidding adieu to home forever. The man is quite broken down; but the woman, sad as she looks, has hope and courage in her face. Why not? In one

hand she firmly clasps her husband's—the other supports her sleeping babe. *She* is not disconsolate, for she carries her "home" with her.

In the picture the man is—not at all like Bernard, certainly, but the woman is exceedingly like Hannah—in expression at least—as she sat on the deck of the French steamer, taking her last look of dear old England, with its white cliffs glimmering in the moonlight—fainter and fainter every minute—across the long reach of Southampton Water.

Bernard sat beside her—but he too was very silent. He meant to go back again as soon as he had seen her and Rosie and Grace safely landed at Havre; but he knew that to Hannah this farewell of her native land was, in all human probability, a farewell "for good."

Ay—for good—in the fullest sense; and she believed it—believed that they were both doing right, and that God's blessing would follow them wherever they went; yet she could not choose but be a little sad, until she felt the touch of the small, soft hand which now, as ever, was continuously creeping into Tannie's. Then she was content. If it had been God's will to give her no future of her own at all, she could have rested happily in that of the child and the child's father.

It happened to be a most beautiful night for crossing—the sea calm as glass, and the air mild as summer, though it was in the beginning of November. Hannah could not bear to go below, but with Rosie and Grace occupied one of those pleasant cabins upon deck—sheltered on three sides, open on the fourth. There, wrapt in countless rugs and shawls, Rosie being in an ecstasy at the idea of going to bed in her clothes, "all under the tars" ("s" was still an impossible first consonant to the baby tongue), she settled down for the night with the child in her arms, and and her faithful servant at her feet.

Sir Bernard made them all as comfortable and as warm as he could—kissed his child and Hannah too, in Grace's presence. For he had himself informed the nurse how matters stood, and told her that in his house she should have a home for life, in a country where marriages such as hers were considered honourable, natural, and right. Then he bade them all good-night, and went to the cabin below.

Hannah could not sleep; but she rested quiet and happy. Even happiness could not make her physically strong; but she left all her days to come in God's hands—to be many or few, as he thought best. The

others fell sound asleep, one at her bosom, the other at her feet; but she lay wide awake, listening to the lap-lap of the water against the boat, and watching the night sky, so thick with stars. At length the moon came up too, and looked in upon them like a sweet, calm face, resembling a dead face in its unchangeable peace; so much so, that when Hannah dropped at last into a confused doze, she dreamed it was the face of her sister Rosa smiling down out of heaven upon them all.

When she woke it was no longer moonlight, but daylight—at least daybreak; for she could discern the dark outline of the man at the wheel, the only person on deck. The boat seemed to be passing, swiftly and silently, as a phantom ship through a phantom ocean; she hardly knew whether she was awake or asleep, dead or alive, till she felt the soft breathing of the child in her arms, and, with a passion of joy, remembered all.

A few minutes after Hannah, raising her head as high as she could without disturbing Rosie, saw a sight which she never saw before, and never in all her life may see again, but will remember to the end of her days.

Just where sea and sky met was a long, broad line of most brilliant amber, gradually widening and widening, as the sun lifted himself out of the water and shot his rays, in the form of a crown, right up into the still dark zenith. Then, as he climbed higher, every floating cloud—and the horizon seemed full of them—became of a brilliant rose-hue, until the whole heaven blazed with color and light. In the midst of it all, dim as a dream, but with all these lovely tints fitting over it,

Hannah saw, far in the distance, the line of the French shore.

It was her welcome to her new country and new life—the life which was truly like being born again into another world. She accepted the omen; and clasping her child to her bosom, closed her eyes and praised God.

All this happened long ago, and Monsieur and Madame de la Rivière have never returned to England. They still inhabit the Château de Saint Roque, beloved and honored far and wide in the land of their adoption, and finding, after all, that the human heart beats much alike, whether with French blood or English, and that there is something wonderfully noble and lovable about that fine old Norman race which (as Madame Arthenay long delighted in impressing upon her dear neighbors, and upon the many English friends who visited them in their pleasant foreign home) once came over and conquered, and civilized us rude Saxons and Britons.

Whether the master and mistress of Saint Roque will ever return to England, or whether little Austin, the eldest of their three sons—Rosie is still the only daughter—will ever become not only the heir of their French estates and name, but one day Sir Austin Rivers of the Moat House, remains to be proved. At any rate, they mourn little after that old home, being so thoroughly happy in their new one—as those deserve to be who have sacrificed for one another almost every thing except what they felt to be right. But they are happy, and what more can they or any one desire?

In estimating our fellow-men, one of the greatest errors we make, might be avoided by a simple arithmetical calculation. We fail to compare justly the life of the man who does much, with the life of the man who does little—greatly to the disparagement of the former one. The man who does much, in whose life there is much living, must commit considerable errors; and, what is more important to the present purpose, must run a much greater chance of some errors being discovered and made known. We can easily see this in intellectual matters. For example, there is a man who has but few letters to write, and can give ample time to those which he does write. Then there is the busy man, the minister of state, for instance, who has to give

answers of some kind or other to scores of communications in the course of the day; and some of these answers are not unlikely to be made public. It is not to be wondered at if these responses are not clothed in perfect English, if relatives fail to relate, and antecedents to antecedents.

Nobody will dispute the foregoing; but what people often fail to consider, when judging of character and conduct, is the quantity of work done, the number of transactions transacted, by a man whose life is very full of living. According to this quantity will be the frequency of error, and especially the frequency of error made manifest.

Arthur Helps.

From Saint Paul.  
NEWS FROM HERSCHEL'S PLANET.

SATURN—the *altissimus planeta* of the ancients—remains still the most distant planet respecting whose physical condition astronomers can obtain satisfactory information. The most powerful telescopes yet constructed have been turned in vain towards those two mighty orbs which circle outside the path of distant Saturn: from beyond the vast depths which separate us from Uranus and Neptune, telescopists can obtain little intelligence respecting the physical habitudes of either planet. Nor need we be surprised at the failure of astronomers, when we consider the difficulties under which the inquiry has been conducted. In comparing the telescopic aspect of Uranus with that of Saturn (for example) we must remember that Uranus is not only twice as far from the earth but also twice as far from the sun as Saturn is. So that the features of Uranus are not merely reduced in seeming dimensions, in the proportion of about one to four, but they are less brilliantly illuminated in the same proportion. And therefore (roughly) any given portion of the surface of Uranus—say a hundred miles square near the middle of his visible disc—sends to us but about one-sixteenth part of the light which an equal and similarly-placed portion of the surface of Saturn would send to us. Now every astronomer knows how difficult it is, even with very powerful telescopes, to study the physical features of Saturn. A telescope of moderate power will show us his ring-system and some of his satellites; but to study the belts which mark his surface, the aspect of his polar regions, and in particular those delicate tints which characterize various portions of his disc, requires a telescope of great power. It will be understood, therefore, that in the case of Uranus, which receives so much less light from the sun and is so much farther from us, even the best telescopes yet made by man must fail to reveal any features of interest. We may add also that Uranus is a much smaller planet than Saturn, though far larger than the combined volume of all the four planets, Mars, Venus, the Earth, and Mercury. If Saturn (without his rings) and Uranus were both visible together in the same telescopic field (a circumstance which may from time to time happen) the Herschel planet would appear so small and faint that it might readily be taken for one of Saturn's moons, the ringed planet sending us altogether some sixty times as much light as Uranus.

But what the telescope had hitherto failed to accomplish, has just been achieved by means of that wonderful ally of the telescope, the spectroscope, in the able hands of the eminent astronomer and physicist, Dr. Huggins. News has been received about the constitution of the atmosphere of Uranus, and news so strange (apart from the strangeness of the mere fact that any information could be gained at all respecting a vaporous envelope so far away) as to lead us to speculate somewhat curiously respecting the conditions under which the Uranians, if there are any, have their being.

Before describing the results of Dr. Huggins's late study of the planet, it may be well to give a brief account of what is known or may be surmised respecting Uranus. The question has been raised whether Uranus was known to the astronomers of old times. There is nothing altogether improbable in the supposition that in countries where the skies are unusually clear, the planet might have been detected by its motions. Even in our latitudes Uranus can be quite readily seen on clear and moonless nights, when favourably situated. He shines at such times as a star of about the fifth magnitude—that is somewhat more brightly than the faintest stars visible to the naked eye. In the clear skies of more southerly latitudes he would appear a sufficiently conspicuous object, though, of course, it would be wholly impossible for even the most keen-sighted observer to recognize any difference between the aspect of the planet and that of a star of equal brightness. The steadiness of the light of Saturn causes this planet to present a very marked contrast with the first magnitude stars whose lustre nearly equals his own. But although the stars of the lower orders of magnitude scintillate like the leading orbs, their scintillations are not equally distinguishable by the unaided eye. Nor is it unlikely that if Uranus were carefully watched (without telescopic aid) he would appear to scintillate slightly. Uranus would only be recognizable as a planet by his movements. There seems little reason for doubting, however, that even the motions of so faint a star might have been recognized by some of the ancient astronomers, whose chief occupation consisted in the actual study of the star groups. We might thus understand the Burmese tradition that there are eight planets, the sun, the moon, Mercury, Venus, Jupiter, and Saturn, and another named Ráhu which is invisible. If Ura-



nus was actually discovered by ancient astronomers, it seems far from unlikely that the planet was only discovered to be lost again, and perhaps within a very short time. For if anything positive had been learned respecting the revolution of this distant orb, the same tradition which recorded the discovery of the planet would probably have recorded the nature of its apparent motions.

Be this as it may, we need by no means accept the opinion of Buchanan, that if the Burmese tradition relates to Uranus, Sir William Herschel must be "stripped of his honours." The rediscovery of a lost planet, especially of one which had remained concealed for so many centuries, must be regarded as at least as interesting as the discovery of a planet altogether unknown. Nor was there any circumstances in the actual discovery of Uranus, which would lose its interest, even though we accepted quite certainly the conclusion that the Herschelian planet was no other than old Ráhu.\*

Let us turn to Herschel's own narrative of his detection of Uranus. It is in many respects very instructive.

In the first place, we must note the nature of the work he was engaged upon. He had conceived the idea of measuring the distances of the stars, or at least of the nearer stars, by noting whether as the earth circles around the sun the relative positions of stars lying very close to each other seemed to vary in any degree. To this end he was searching the heavens for those objects which we now call double stars, most of which were in his day supposed to be not in reality pairs of stars—that is, not physically associated together—but seen near together only because lying nearly in the same direction. The brighter star of a pair was in fact supposed to lie very much nearer than the fainter; and it was because, being so much nearer, the brighter star should be much more affected (seemingly) by the earth's motion around the sun, that Herschel hoped to

learn much by studying the aspect of these unequal double stars at different seasons of the year. He hoped yet more from the study of such bright orbs as are surrounded by several very faint stars. It was a case of this kind that he was dealing with, when accident led him to the discovery of Uranus. "On Tuesday, the 13th of March (1781)," he writes, "between ten and eleven in the evening, while I was examining the small stars in the neighbourhood of Eta in Gemini, I perceived one that appeared visibly larger than the rest. Being struck with its uncommon magnitude, I compared it to Eta and the small stars in the quartile between Auriga and Gemini, and finding it so much larger than either of them, suspected it to be a comet. I was then engaged in a series of observations (which I hope soon to have the opportunity of laying before the Royal Society) requiring very high powers, and I had ready at hand the several magnifiers of 227, 660, 932, 1,536, 2,010, &c., all of which I have successfully used on that occasion. The power I had on when I first saw the (supposed) comet was 227. From experience I knew that the diameters of the fixed stars are not proportionally magnified with higher powers, as those of the planets are; therefore I now put on the powers of 460 and 932, and found the diameter of the comet increased in proportion to the power, as it ought to be on a supposition of its not being a fixed star, while the diameters of the stars to which I compared it were not increased in the same ratio. Moreover, the comet being magnified much beyond what its light would admit of, appeared hazy and ill-defined with these great powers, while the stars presented that lustre and distinctness which from many thousand observations I knew they would retain. The sequel has shown that my surmises were well-founded."

There are three points to be specially noted in this account. Firstly, the astronomer was engaged in a process of systematic survey of the celestial depths—so that the discovery of the new orb cannot be properly regarded as accidental, although Herschel was not at the time on the look-out for as yet unknown planets. Secondly, the instruments he was employing were of his own construction and device, and probably none others in existence in his day would have led him to the discovery that the strange orb was not a fixed star. And, thirdly, without the experience he had acquired in the study of the heavens he would not have been able to apply the test which, as we have seen, he

\* It is, after all, at least as likely that Ráhu—as naming there really was a planet known under this name—might have been Vesta, the brightest of the small planets which circle between Mars and Jupiter, as the distant and slow-moving Uranus. For although Vesta is not nearly so bright as Uranus, shining indeed only as a star of the seventh magnitude, yet she can at times be seen without telescopic aid by persons of extremely good sight; and her movements are far more rapid than those of Uranus. In the high table-lands of those eastern countries, where some place the birth of astronomy, keen-sighted observers might quite readily have discovered her planetary nature, whereas the slow movements of Uranus would probably have escaped their notice.

found so decisive. The fact that the stars are not magnified by increased telescopic power to the same extent as planets or comets, is, as Professor Pritchard has justly remarked, "an important result of the undulatory theory of light, and was unsuspected in Sir William Herschel's day." So that whether we consider the work Herschel was engaged upon, the instruments he used, or the experience he had acquired, we recognize the fact that he alone of the astronomers of his time was capable of discovering Uranus otherwise than by a fortunate accident. Others might have lighted on the discovery — indeed, we shall presently see that the wonder rather is that Uranus had not been for many years a recognized member of the solar system — but there was none but Herschel who could within a few minutes of his first view of the planet have pronounced confidently that the strange orb (whatever it might be) was not a fixed star.

I do not propose to enter here, at length, into the series of researches by which it was finally demonstrated that the newly-discovered body was not a comet but a planet, travelling on a nearly circular path around the sun, at about twice Saturn's distance from that orb. With this part of the work Herschel had very little to do. To use Professor Pritchard's words, having ascertained the apparent size, position, and motion of the stranger, "Herschel very properly consigned it to the care of those professional astronomers who possessed fixed instruments of precision in properly constituted observatories — to Dr. Maskelyne, for instance, who was then the Astronomer-Royal at Greenwich, and to Lalande, who presided over the observatory in Paris." As the newly-discovered body travelled onwards upon its apparent path, astronomers gradually acquired the means for determining what its real path might be. At first they were misled by erroneous measures of the stranger's apparent size, which suggested that the supposed comet had in the course of the first month after its discovery approached to within half its original distance. At length, setting aside all these measures, and considering only the movements of the stranger, Professor Saron was led to the belief that it was no comet, but a member of the solar system. It was eventually proved chiefly by the labours of Lexell, Lalande, and the great mathematician Laplace, that this theory fully explained all the observed motions of the newly-discovered body; and before long (so com-

plete is the mastery which the Newtonian system gives astronomers over the motions of the heavenly bodies) all the circumstances of the new planet's real motions became very accurately known. It was now possible, not only to predict the future movements of the stranger, but to calculate his motions during former years. This last process was quickly applied to the planet, with the object of determining whether among the records of observations made on stars, any might be detected which related in reality to the newly-discovered body. The result will appear at first sight somewhat surprising. The new planet had actually been observed no less than nineteen times before that night when Herschel first showed that it was not a fixed star, and those observations were made by astronomers no less eminent than Flamsteed, Bradley, Mayer, and Lemonnier. Flamsteed had seen the planet five several times, each time cataloguing it as a star of the sixth magnitude, so that five such stars had to be dismissed from Flamsteed's lists. But the case of Lemonnier was even more singular; for he had actually observed the planet no less than twelve times, several of his observations having been made within the space of a few weeks. "M. Arago naturally comments," says Professor Pritchard, "on the want of system displayed by Lemonnier in 1769; had he but reduced and arranged his observations in a properly-constructed register, his name instead of Herschel's would have been attached for all time to one of the starry host. But Lemonnier was not a man of order; his astronomical papers are said to have been a very picture of chaos; and M. Bouvard, to whom we have long been indebted for the best tables of the new planet, narrates that he had seen one of Lemonnier's observations of this very star written on a paper bag which had contained hair powder!"

In our days, when fresh planets are being discovered and named in the course of each year that passes, it may appear strange that much difficulty was found in assigning a suitable name to the stranger. But we must remember that for ages the planetary system had been supposed to comprise no other primary members than those known to the ancients. The discovery of Uranus was an altogether novel and unlooked-for circumstance. It was not supposed that fresh discoveries of like nature would be made, still less that a planet would hereafter be discovered under circumstances far more interesting even than those which attended the discovery

of Uranus. Accordingly a mighty work was made before Uranus was fitted with a name. Lalande proposed the name of the discoverer, and the new planet was indeed long known on the Continent by the name of Herschel. The symbol of the planet ( $\Upsilon$ ), the initial letter of Herschel's name with a small globe attached to the cross-stroke, still reminds us of the honour which Continental astronomers generously proposed to render to their fellow-worker in England.\* Lichtenberg proposed the name of *Astræa*, the goddess of justice—for this "exquisite reason," that since justice had failed to establish her reign upon earth, she might be supposed to have removed herself as far as possible from our unworthy planet. Poinsinet suggested that *Cybele* would be a suitable name; for since Saturn and Jupiter, to whom the gods owed their origin, had long held their seat in the heavens, it was time to find a place for *Cybele*, "the great mother of the gods." Had the supposed Greek representative of *Cybele*—*Rhæa*—been selected for the honour, the name of the planet would have approached somewhat nearly in sound, and perhaps in signification, to the old name *Râhu*. But neither *Astræa* nor *Cybele* were regarded as of sufficient dignity and importance among the ancient deities to supply a name for the new planet.† Prosperin proposed *Neptune* as a suitable name, because Saturn would thus have the eldest of his sons on one side of him, and his second son on the other. Bode at length suggested the name of *Uranus*, the most ancient of the deities; and as Saturn, the father of Jupiter, travels on a wider orbit than Jupiter, so it was judged fitting that an even wider orbit than Saturn's should be adjudged to Jupiter's grandfather. In accepting the name of *Uranus* for the new planet, astronomers seemed to assert a belief that no planet would be found to travel on a yet wider path; and accordingly when a more distant planet was discovered, the suggestion of Prosperin had

to be reconsidered; but it was too late to change the accepted nomenclature, and accordingly the younger brother of Jupiter has had assigned to him a planet circling outside the paths of that assigned to their father and grandfather. It may be noted, also, that a more appropriate name for the new planet would have been *Cœlus*, since all the other planets have received the Latin names of the deities.

Herschel himself proposed another name. As Galileo had called the satellites of Jupiter the Medicean planets, while French astronomers proposed to call the spots on the sun the Bourbonian stars, so Herschel, grateful for the kindness which he had received at the hands of George III., proposed that the new planet should be called *Georgium Sidus*. On account of the interest attaching to all Herschel's remarks respecting his discovery, I quote in full the letter in which he submitted this proposition to Sir Joseph Banks, then the President of the Royal Society. "By the observations of the most eminent astronomers in Europe," he remarks, "it appears that the new star, which I had the honour of pointing out to them in March, 1781, is a primary planet of our solar system. A body so nearly related to us by its similar condition and situation in the unbounded expanse of the starry heavens, must often be the subject of the conversation, not only of astronomers, but of every lover of science in general. This consideration, then, makes it necessary to give it a name, whereby it may be distinguished from the rest of the planets and fixed stars. In the fabulous ages of ancient times, the appellations of Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn, were given to the planets, as being their principal heroes and divinities. In the present more philosophical era, it would be hardly allowable to have recourse to the same method, and call on Juno, Pallas, Apollo, or Minerva, for a name to our new planet. The first consideration in any particular event or remarkable incident seems to be its chronology; if, in any future age it should be asked *when* this last-found planet was discovered, it would be very satisfactory to say, "In the reign of George III." As a philosopher, then, the name of *Georgium Sidus* presents itself to me as an appellation which will conveniently convey the information of the time and country where and when it was brought to view. But as a subject of the best of kings, who is the liberal protector of every art and science; as a native of the country from whence this illustrious family was called to the

\* There is a certain incongruity, accordingly, among the symbols of the primary planets. Mercury is symbolized by his *caduceus*, Venus by her looking-glass (I suppose), Mars by his spear and shield, Jupiter by his throne, Saturn by his sickle; and again, when we pass to the symbols assigned to the planets discovered in the present century, we find Neptune symbolized by his trident, Vesta by her altar, Ceres by her sickle, Minerva by a sword, and Juno by a star-tipped sceptre. Uranus alone is represented by a symbol which has no relation to his position among the deities of mythology.

† Both these names are found among the asteroids, the fifth of these bodies (in order of discovery) being called *Astræa*, the eighty-ninth being named after the great mother of gods and goddesses.

British throne; as a member of that society which flourishes by the distinguished liberality of its royal patron; and last of all, as a person now more immediately under the protection of this excellent monarch, and owing everything to his unlimited bounty, I cannot but wish to take this opportunity of expressing my gratitude by giving the name of *Georgium Sidus*—

“*Georgium sidus*  
—jam nunc assuesce vocari,”—

to a star which, with respect to us, first began to shine under his auspicious reign.” Herschel concludes by remarking that, by addressing this letter to the President of the Royal Society, he takes the most effectual method of communicating the proposed name to the *literati* of Europe, which he hopes “they will receive with pleasure.”

Herschel's proposition found little favour, however, among Continental astronomers. Indeed it is somewhat singular that for some time two names came into general use—one in Great Britain and the other on the Continent, neither being the name eventually adopted for the planet. In books published in England for more than a quarter of a century after the discovery of Uranus we find the planet called either the *Georgium Sidus*, or the *Georgian*. For a shorter season the planet was called on the Continent either the *Herschelian planet*, or simply *Herschel*. Many years elapsed before the present usage was definitely established.

In considering Herschel's telescopic study of the planet, we must remember that, owing to the enormous length of time occupied by Uranus in circling round his orbit, the astronomer labours under a difficulty distinct in character from the difficulties which have already been considered. As Jupiter and Saturn circle on their wide orbits they exhibit to us—the former in the course of eleven years, the latter in the course of twenty-nine and a half years—all those varying presentations which correspond to the seasons of these planets. Jupiter, indeed, owing to the uprightness of his axis (with reference to his path), presents but slight changes. But Saturn's globe is at one time bowed towards us so that a large portion of his north polar regions can be seen, and anon (fifteen years later) is so bowed, that a large portion of his southern polar regions can be seen; while between these epochs we see the globe of Saturn so posed that both poles are on the edge of his disc,

and then only does the shape of his disc indicate truly the compression or polar flattening of the planet.

But, although similar changes occur in the case of *Uranus*, they occupy no less than eighty-four years in running through their cycle, or forty-two years in completing a half cycle—during which, necessarily, all possible presentations of the planet are exhibited. Now it is commonly recognized among telescopists that the observing time of an astronomer's life—that is, the period during which he retains not merely his full skill, but the energy necessary for difficult researches—continues but about twenty-five years at the outside. So that few astronomers can hope to study *Uranus* in all his presentations, as they can study *Mars* or *Jupiter* or *Saturn*.

When we add to this circumstance the extreme faintness of *Uranus*, we cannot wonder that Herschel should have been unable to speak very confidently on many points of interest. His measures of the planet's globe were sufficiently satisfactory and, combined with modern researches, show that *Uranus* has a diameter exceeding the earth's rather less than four and a half times. Thus the surface of *Uranus* exceeds that of our globe about twenty times, and his bulk is more than eighty times as great as the earth's. His volume, in fact, exceeds the combined volume of *Mercury*, *Venus*, the *Earth*, and *Mars*, almost exactly forty times. But Sir W. Herschel was unable to measure the disc of *Uranus* in such a way as to determine whether the planet is compressed in the same marked degree as *Jupiter* and *Saturn*. All that he felt competent to say was that the disc of the planet seemed to him to be oval, whether he used his seven-feet, or his ten-feet, or his twenty-feet reflector. Arago has expressed some surprise that Herschel should have been content with such a statement. But, in reality, the circumstance is in no way surprising. For, as a matter of fact, Herschel had been almost foiled by the difficulty of measuring even the planet's mean diameter. The discordance between his earliest measures is somewhat startling. His first estimate of the diameter made it ten thousand miles too small (its actual value being about thirty-four thousand miles); his next made it nearly three thousand miles too great, while his third made it ten thousand miles too great. His contemporaries were even less successful. Maskelyne, after a long and careful series of observations, assigned to the planet a diameter eight thousand miles

too small; the astronomers of Milan gave the planet a diameter more than twenty thousand miles too great; and Mayer of Mannheim was even more unfortunate, for he assigned to the planet a diameter exceeding its actual diameter of thirty-four thousand miles, by rather more than fifty thousand miles. It will be understood, therefore, that Herschel might well leave unattempted the task of comparing the different diameters of the planet. This task required that he should estimate a quantity (the difference between the greatest and least diameters) which was small even by comparison with the errors of his former measurements.

But, besides this, a peculiarity in the axial pose of Uranus has to be taken into account. I have spoken of the uprightness of Jupiter's axis with reference to his path; and by this I have intended to indicate the fact that if we regard Jupiter's path as a great level surface, and compare Jupiter to a gigantic top spinning upon that surface, this mighty top spins with a nearly upright axis. In the case of Uranus the state of things is altogether different. The axis of Uranus is so bowed down from uprightness as to be nearly in the level of the planet's path. The result of this is that when Uranus is in one part of his path his northern pole is turned almost directly towards us. At such a time we should be able to detect no sign of polar flattening even though Uranus were shaped like a watch-case. At the opposite part the other pole is as directly turned towards the earth. Only at the parts of his path between these two can any signs of compression be expected to manifest themselves; and Uranus occupies these portions of his path only at intervals of forty-two years.

Herschel would have failed altogether in determining the pose of Uranus but for his discovery that the planet has moons. For the moons of the larger planets travel for the most part near the level of their planet's equator. We can, indeed, only infer this in case of Uranus (for even the best modern measurements cannot be regarded as satisfactorily determining the figure of his globe), but the inference is tolerably safe.

For six years Herschel looked in vain for Uranian satellites. His largest telescopes, supplemented by his wonderful eyesight and his long practice in detecting minute points of light, failed to reveal any trace of such bodies. At length he devised a plan by which the light-gathering power of his telescopes was largely in-

creased. On the 11th of January, 1787, he detected two satellites, though several days elapsed before he felt justified in announcing the discovery. At intervals, during the years 1790—1798, he repeated his observations; and he supposed that he had discovered four other satellites. He expresses so much confidence as to the real existence of these four bodies, that it is very difficult for those who appreciate his skill to understand how he could have been deceived. But he admits that he was unable to watch any of these satellites through a considerable part of its path, or to identify any of them on different nights. All he felt sure about was that certain points of light were seen which did not remain stationary, as would have happened had they been fixed stars. No astronomer, however, has since seen any of these four additional satellites, though Mr. Lassell has discovered two which Herschel could not see (probably owing to their nearness to the body of the planet). As Mr. Lassell has employed a telescope more powerful than Herschel's largest reflector, and has given much attention to the subject, no one has a better right to speak authoritatively on the subject of these additional satellites. Since, therefore, he is very confident that they have no existence, I feel bound to represent that view as the most probable; yet I am unable to pass from the subject without expressing a hope that one of these days new Uranian satellites will be revealed.

The four known moons travel backwards; that is, they circle in a direction opposed to that in which all the planets of the solar system, and all the moons of Jupiter and Saturn, as well as our own moon, are observed to travel. Much importance has been attached to this peculiarity; but in reality, the paths of the Uranian moons are so strangely situated with respect to the path of Uranus, that the direction in which they travel can hardly be compared with the common direction of the planetary motions. Imagine the path of Uranus to be represented by a very large wooden hoop floating on a sheet of water; then, if a small wooden hoop were so weighted as to float almost upright, with one half out of the water, the position of that hoop would represent the position of the path of one of the planet's satellites. It will be seen at once that if we suppose a body to travel round the former hoop in a certain direction, then a body travelling round the latter hoop could scarcely be said to travel in



the same direction, whether it circled one way or the other. Or, to employ another illustration, if a watch be laid face upward on a table we should correctly say that its hands move from east through south to west; but, if it be held nearly upright and the face rather upwards, we should scarcely say that the hands moved from east through *south* to west; nor if the face were tilted a little further forward, so as to be inclined rather downwards, should we say that the hands move from east through *north* to west.

The great slope or tilt of the paths is undoubtedly a more singular feature than the direction of motion. Implying as it does that the planet's globe is similarly tilted, it suggests the strangest conceptions as to the seasonal changes of the planet. It seems impossible to suppose that the inhabitants of Uranus, if there are any, can depend on the sun for their supply of heat. The vast distance of Uranus from the sun, although reducing the heat-supply to much less than the three-hundredth part of that which we receive, is yet an insignificant circumstance by comparison with the axial tilt. One can understand at least the *possibility* that some peculiarity in the atmosphere of the planet might serve to remedy the effects of the former circumstance; precisely as our English climate is tempered by the abundant moisture with which the air is ordinarily laden. But while we can conceive that the minute and almost starlike sun of the Uranian skies may supply much more heat than its mere dimensions would lead us to expect, it is difficult indeed to understand how the absence of that sun for years from the Uranian sky can be adequately compensated. Yet in Uranian latitudes corresponding to the latitude of London the sun remains below the horizon for about twenty-three of our years in succession. Such is the Arctic\* night of regions in Uranus occupying a position corresponding to that of places in our temperate zone.

But the most important results of the discovery of the satellites has been the determination of the mass or weight of the planet, whence also the mean density of

its substance has been ascertained. It has been thus discovered that, like Jupiter and Saturn, Uranus is constructed of much lighter materials than the earth. Our earth would outweigh almost exactly six times a globe as large as the earth, but no denser than Uranus. It is to be noticed that in this respect the outer planets resemble the sun, whose density is but about one-fourth that of the earth. It seems impossible that the apparent size of any one of the outer planets can truly indicate the dimensions of its real globe. An atmosphere of enormous extent must needs surround, it would seem, the liquid or solid nucleus which probably exists within the orb we see.

In the case of Jupiter or Saturn, the telescope has told us much which bears on this point; and, as I have indicated in these pages, and elsewhere, there is an overwhelming mass of evidence in favour of the theory that those orbs are still instinct with their primeval fires. But in the case of Uranus, it might well be deemed hopeless to pursue such inquiries, otherwise than by considering the analogy of the two larger planets. Direct evidence tending to show that the atmosphere of Uranus is in a condition wholly differing from that of our own atmosphere, cannot possibly be obtained by means of any telescopes yet constructed by men. Some astronomers assert that they have seen faint traces of belts across the disc of Uranus; but the traces must be very faint indeed, since the best telescopes of our day fail to show any marks whatever upon the planet's face. Even if such belts can be seen, their changes of appearance cannot be studied systematically.

It is, however, on this very subject — the condition of the planet's atmosphere — that the discovery I have now to describe throws light.

Faint as is the light of Uranus, yet when a telescope of sufficient size is employed, the spectrum of the planet is seen as a faint rainbow-tinted streak. The peculiarities of this streak, if discernible, are the means whereby the spectroscopist is to ascertain what is the condition of the planet's atmosphere. Now, Father Secchi, studying Uranus with the fine eight-inch telescope of the Roman Observatory, was able to detect certain peculiarities in its spectrum, though it would now appear that (owing probably to the faintness of the light) he was deceived as to their exact nature. He says: "The yellow part of the spectrum is wanting altogether. In the green and the blue there are two

\* It has been remarked that there is some incongruity in the name Arctic planets which I have assigned in my "Other Worlds" to Uranus and Neptune, when considered with reference to the theory I have enunciated that these planets still retain an enormous amount of inherent heat. Many seem to imagine that the term arctic necessarily implies cold. I have of course only used the name as indicating the distance of Uranus and Neptune from the sun.

bands, very wide and very dark." But he was unable to say what is the nature of the atmosphere of the planet, or to show how these peculiarities might be accounted for.

Recently, however, the Royal Society placed in the hands of Dr. Huggins a telescope much more powerful than either the Roman telescope or the instrument with which Dr. Huggins had made his celebrated observations on sun and planets, stars and star-cloudlets. It is fifteen inches in aperture, and has a light-gathering power fully three times as great as that possessed by either of the instruments just mentioned.

As seen by the aid of this fine telescope the spectrum of Uranus is found to be complete, "no part being wanting, so far as the feebleness of its light permits it to be traced." But there are six dark bands, or strong lines, indicating the absorptive action of the planet's atmosphere. One of these strong lines corresponds in position with one of the lines of hydrogen. Now it may seem at first view that since the light of Uranus is reflected solar light, we might expect to find in the spectrum of Uranus the solar lines of hydrogen. But the line in question is too strong to be regarded as merely representing the corresponding line in the solar spectrum; indeed, Dr. Huggins distinctly mentions that "the bands produced by planetary absorption are broad and strong in comparison with the solar lines." We must conclude, therefore, that there exists in the atmosphere of Uranus the gas hydrogen, sufficiently familiar to us as an element which appears in combination with others, but which we by no means recognize as a suitable constituent (at least to any great extent) of an atmosphere which living creatures are to breathe.\* And not only must hydrogen be present in the atmosphere of Uranus, but in such enormous quantities as to be one of the chief atmospheric constituents. The strength of the hydrogen line cannot otherwise be accounted for. If by the action of tremendous heat all the oceans of our globe could be changed into their constituent elements, hydrogen and oxygen, it is probable that the signs by which an inhabitant of Venus or Mercury could recognize that such a change had taken place would be very much less marked than the signs by which Dr. Huggins has discovered that hydrogen exists

in the atmosphere of Uranus. It will indeed be readily inferred that this must be the case, when the fact is noted that no signs whatever of the existence of nitrogen can be recognized in the spectrum of Uranus, though it is difficult to suppose that nitrogen is really wanting in the planet's atmosphere. Dr. Huggins also notes that none of the lines in the spectrum of Uranus appear to indicate the presence of carbonic acid. Nor are there any lines in the spectrum of Uranus corresponding to those which make their appearance in the solar spectrum when the sun is low down, and is therefore shining through the denser atmospheric strata. Most of these lines are due to the presence of aqueous vapour in our atmosphere, and it would seem to follow that if the vapour of water exists at all in the atmosphere of Uranus its quantity must be small compared with that of the free hydrogen.

Admitting that the line seen by Dr. Huggins is really due to hydrogen—a fact of which he himself has very little doubt—we certainly have a strange discovery to deal with. If it be remembered that oxygen, the main supporter of such life as we are familiar with, cannot be mixed with hydrogen without the certainty that the first spark will cause an explosion (in which the whole of one or other of the gases will combine with a due portion of the other to produce water), it is difficult to resist the conclusion that oxygen must be absent from the atmosphere of Uranus. If hydrogen could be added in such quantities to our atmosphere as to be recognizable from a distant planet by spectroscopic analysis, then no terrestrial fires could be lighted, for a spark would produce a catastrophe in which all living things upon the earth, if not the solid earth itself, would be destroyed. A single flash of lightning would be competent to leave the earth but a huge cinder, even if its whole frame were not rent into a million fragments by the explosion which would ensue.

Under what strange conditions then must life exist in Uranus, if there be indeed life upon that distant orb. Either our life-sustaining element, oxygen, is wanting; or, if it exists in sufficient quantities (according to our notions) for the support of life, then there can be no fire, natural or artificial, on that giant planet. It seems more reasonable to conclude that, as had been suspected for other reasons, the planet is not at present in a condition which renders it a suitable abode for living creatures. RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

\* Traces of hydrogen can nearly always be detected in the air,—but the quantity of hydrogen thus shown to be present is almost infinitesimally small compared with the amount of oxygen and nitrogen.

From The Spectator.  
MR. GLADSTONE AT GREENWICH.

MR. GLADSTONE has reconquered Greenwich, and under the circumstances that is a great deal to have accomplished. The victory proves that the Premier has as yet lost little of his almost magical influence over the ordinary British elector, over those "common masses" who do not read the *Pall Mall Gazette*, but do elect the House of Commons. The immense crowd which assembled to hear Mr. Gladstone on Saturday was at least as prejudiced against him as any crowd in England is at all likely to be. It was the only crowd which had personal grievances against the Premier, which had suffered from his policy of honesty in the Dockyards, which felt keenly about Naval mismanagement, which had been irritated, and not unjustly irritated, by apparent personal neglect. Greenwich is of all boroughs the borough in which all causes of disaffection seemed before Saturday to be concentrated. It was before an assemblage more than half hostile, prejudiced against and not for him, that Mr. Gladstone appeared on Saturday; with which he maintained for the first half-hour a mental struggle,—which, as his speech went on, rose to him, warmed to him, poured out towards him in renewed confidence and affection, till when he ended, suspicion and irritation and hostility had disappeared, and a burst of thundering approval, renewed and renewed to show that it was given to the man as well as to the orator, told the world that Mr. Gladstone was still the Minister and the Member desired by the mass of the population. The personal loftiness of the man, the nobleness of his character and purposes—always the sources of Mr. Gladstone's hold over the people—had once more revealed themselves to the electors, and discontent disappeared in enthusiastic acclamation. There is not another man in England, unless it be Mr. Bright, who under such circumstances could have achieved so complete a popular triumph; and be the merit of the speech what it may, its reception at least showed that the head of Her Majesty's government is still in full rapport with the majority of her subjects, is still trusted by them, has still behind him the immense force of the popular approval. That is a great fact in the politics of the hour.

The speech itself does not appear to us, who are unaffected by the charm of the orator's voice and bearing, so great as its success, but it is a very considerable

speech nevertheless. Its whole tone leaves on us the impression of a man who is entirely undaunted by the storm of obloquy poured on him during the Recess, who has nothing to apologize for or extenuate, who has confidence in his past performances and his future plans, and who perceives amid all the turmoil that the country is still upon his side. On one subject indeed he showed weakness of an unexpected and very annoying kind. It is not for the Premier of Great Britain to express pleasure because von Blumenthal has patted the British Army on the back; but that one slip excepted—a slip due, we conceive, to the fact that von Blumenthal's approval weighed heavily with Mr. Gladstone as evidence about a matter on which he himself is no expert,—the Premier was lofty to serenity, as sure of his course as man may be who knows that his ultimate foothold is nothing more stable than opinion. His argument that his majority had already outlived previous majorities, had in it a tinge of pride, pride such as Englishmen like; while his allusion to the social movement, the alliance of Workmen and of Peers, was full of a kind of playfulness which seldom bubbles up in his speeches, except when discussing a subject upon which his mind is untroubled by the mental debate which on some subjects goes on so incessantly within it. His pledge to carry the Ballot was given in the tone of a man who saw his way, and was himself utterly convinced, however recently the conviction might have come, that secrecy was essential to the free exercise of the political power involved in the right to vote. We do not believe that, but that to any man who does believe it the Ballot must seem a matter of transcendant political moment appears to us almost self-evident, as self-evident as the absurdity of declaring it less important than a Bill for protecting Miners. The power to make horseshoes properly to all future time is surely more important to the smith than the fate of any individual horse, and in this case the English people is the smith. Upon the three other great topics of the hour the Premier is equally plain-spoken. He believes in his Army reforms and in his War Minister as a man who "has done much for the efficiency of the Army;" states distinctly what he wants, namely, a body of officers who can handle an army scientifically as well as encourage the men to "stand like a brick wall," and who recognize that "war has become one of the most highly-developed of the arts practised by mankind;" and though he abused the alarm-

ists most unmercifully — forgetting that geese should be revered if their cackle saves Rome — he admitted that to defend England a new army, a larger and a better had become a necessity. As to the Peers, he declared plainly that while believing that the constitution of the Upper House might be improved, he should think once, twice, even thrice before he eliminated the hereditary principle, for which, as he showed by two most amusing stories, the English people had a sort of instinctive kindness. Even when protesting against the exclusiveness of a Cabinet they entrusted their protest to a Lord, and when workmen wanted social reforms they were strongly attracted by the reported adhesion of a group of men of whom “one only was a commoner.” On Education he averred, in terms which, cautious as they are, cannot be mistaken, that the Education Act was a vast stride on the road of progress, that reason and common-sense required us to utilize existing schools, and that State money raised by rate or otherwise “should not be expended on subjects on which unhappily religious differences prevail;” that is, that no payment to any school should be granted or refused on account of its religious instruction; that, in short, he approved and intended to support Mr. Forster’s Act. And finally, he told the workmen that as to their special demands, they had, as a class, been relieved and raised more than any other in the past thirty years — had been exempted, for instance, from all but self-imposed taxation — that they had received political power, and were about, through the Ballot, to receive freedom for its exercise; that means had been found for their education, sometimes at the expense of their wealthier neighbours; that the road to the highest education, and therefore the highest careers, had through the abolition of tests and the action of the Endowed Schools’ Commission, been cleft open for them; and that for the future the first questions for them would be the decrease of intoxication — i.e. some moderate but effective Licensing Bill — a reform in the position of women as regards property and earnings, i.e., the “removal of the social,” not the political “inequalities under which they labour,” and the securing to labour its due respect in the world, — that the “poor be no longer despised,” but the idle. It is open to any man to say that on any or all of these subjects the Premier is wrong, but it is not open to him to say that he is either feeble, or indistinct, or dreamy. His purpose, at all

events, is as definite as that of any Tory who ever lived, and it is always the same, — to sweep away every obstacle which prevents “the English father from being the father of a happy family and the centre of a united home,” — which prevents him, that is, from realizing his own reasonable ideal, an ideal which the hearty cheers of the multitude showed that they understood. We cannot conceive of a speech uttered by a man responsible to a nation for every word which, within its limits, could be more definite or consistent, nor, we would add, one which, always within those limits, deserves more heartily the approval and support of all good Liberals.

Of course the defect of such a speech as this consists, and must consist, in its omissions. To us, and as we believe, to a vast majority of Englishmen, the dignity and the strength of the State, of the nation incorporated, its power and its disposition to perform its duties abroad as well as at home, its action and place in the world as well as at the fireside, appear elements vital to the happiness and still more vital to the nobleness of character of the individual citizen. Mr. Gladstone disregards this too much, or rather allows his pity for the people, for the mass whose progress upwards is so choked with obstacles, to fill his mind so completely, that he forgets to think of the State as well as of the units which compose it; and some day or other, perhaps soon, he and the nation and the Liberal party will all alike suffer for this forgetfulness. But we cannot have out of a man what is not in him, least of all on an occasion when, if the quality had been there, its display might have seemed incongruous or inconvenient. The speech at Greenwich was a speech to constituents as ignorant of foreign politics as of logarithms, and even Lord Palmerston would probably have avoided any reference to a topic on which, of all others, knowledge in the audience as well as the speaker is essential to edification. That Mr. Gladstone was probably grateful for the opportunity of avoiding a subject distasteful alike to his intellect and his convictions is, in our judgment, a misfortune, but one which arises naturally from the special character of the mind that on so many other sides is of such inestimable service to the country. When tasks so great have been performed within a space of time so small, when one man has, as he and we believe, redressed the grand wrongs of Ireland, abolished a Church which had defied justice for three centuries, removed the chief

evils which three conquests had wrought into the tenure, provided the means of education for the whole people, and transferred the control of the Army from the rich to the body of the people, it is perhaps a little ungrateful to sigh because

the remaining task has not been accomplished, and England restored to the place Schiller truly gave her among the nations as "man's stout defence from wrong."

OUR readers may remember the story of the description in Sanscrit of the battle of Sedan as a Prussian lieutenant of Hussars, who in ordinary life happened to be a privatedocent. The news of this linguistic feat has, through the channel of English papers, now reached the Ganges, and wonderful are the native observations passed upon it and the war generally. Thus the *Nūr-ul-Absar*, in describing the extraordinary German victories, hint not indistinctly that they were not so much the result of prowess and tactics as of the cunning with which the German warriors, well acquainted with the Eastern tongues, had made use of the magic formulas found in the Vedas, notably the fourth book; and King William at Sedan is represented under the guise of that fabulous Indian monarch who, lotos-flower in hand, calmly awaits in the thick of the battle its final issue. The "Light of the Eyes," or *Nūr-ul-Absar*, therefore recommends the French most seriously to seek for a means of repaying her enemies where alone they will find it, viz. in the Puranas and Sutras, the assiduous study of which will provide them with formulas stronger even than those used by the Germans. Whereupon the *Sémaphore* satirically observes that an essay on artillery might, perhaps, prove still more efficacious.

Pall Mall Gazette.

In the celebrated experiment of Wheatstone on the duration of the discharge of a Leyden jar, the conclusion was drawn that distinct vision is possible in less than the millionth of a second. The incorrectness of the data on which this conclusion rested was afterwards pointed out in an admirable investigation by Feddersen, who showed that the smallest measured duration he could obtain was one millionth of a second. In an article lately published by Professor Rood, he shows how, by the use of a much smaller electrical surface, he obtained and measured sparks the duration of whose main constituent was only forty billionths of a second. With their light distinct vision is possible. Thus, for example, the letters on a printed page are plainly to be seen; also, if a polariscope be used, the cross and rings around the axes of crystals can be observed, with all their peculiarities, and errors in the azimuth of the analyz-

ing prism noticed. There seems, also, to be evidence that this minute interval of time is sufficient for the production of various subjective optical phenomena: for example, for the recognition of Loewe's rings—using cobalt glass; also, the radiating structure of the crystalline lens can be detected when the light is suitably presented to the eye. Hence, it is plain that forty billionths of a second is quite sufficient for the production on the retina of a strong and distinct impression; and as obliteration of the micrometric lines in the experiment referred to could only take place from the circumstance that the retina retains and combines a whole series of impressions, whose *joint duration* is forty billionths of a second, it follows that a much smaller interval of time will suffice for vision. If we limit the number of views of the lines presented to the eye in a single case to ten, it would result that four billionths of a second is sufficient for human vision, though the probability is that a far shorter time would answer as well, or nearly as well. All of which is not so wonderful, if we accept the doctrines of the undulatory theory of light; for according to it, in four billionths of a second nearly two and a half millions of the mean undulations of light reach and act on the eye.

Once a Week.

If only a few of the needless follies were removed from human life, human nature would rebound with joy. It would be like the remission of so many taxes. There would be so much time gained for the world. I suppose, however, we should spend a good deal of this time in the construction of some new folly. Still there would be an interval, during which the world might make a prodigious advance in real civilization.

By "needless follies" are meant foolish repetitions in public prayer; foolish forms of recreation, such as heavy dinners, late evening parties without amusement; after-dinner speeches, speeches in Parliament, and to constituents; long sermons; errors in dress; starch, moral, metaphysical, and physical; and all the tediousness which proceeds from absurd conventionality.



